



The Grail

JULY, 1929



MONTE CASSINO



FOURTEENTH CENTENARY

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Thanksgiving to St. Benedict

Ill health forced Mr. C. to retire from business more than a year ago. No doctor seemed able to make a correct diagnosis of his case. Finally it was discovered that a goiter lay at the seat of the trouble. A sister of Mr. C., a religious, who has great faith in St. Benedict, offered up for her brother's recovery a novena in honor of the saint, which she began before the feast in March of this year. On the fifth day of the novena another sister went to the religious and told her that in a dream of the foregoing night she saw their brother John, who had died several years previously. He appeared to be holding a chain to which was attached a medal of St. Benedict. He told her to place this medal on the sick man, who was then too weak to submit to an operation that was deemed absolutely necessary. Thereupon the religious took from her pocket a medal and a chain which were just like the ones seen in the dream. This was taken to the hospital and placed on the sick man. The novena was continued and the promised Mass was offered up on the feast of the saint (Mar. 21). "If St. Benedict obtains my cure," said the sick man, "I shall be glad to educate some poor boy for the priesthood in the Benedictine Order." Towards the end of the novena he grew considerably better and was so much improved by March 21 that the operation could be performed that morning. The doctor expressed his astonishment at the improvement and said that he could not explain it. Three days later, however, the sick man was again in a critical condition, but he rallied. Two weeks later he was able to be removed to his home. Since then his improvement has been going on gradually. In two months time he had gained forty pounds.

S. M. T.

Thanksgiving

Thanks are returned for the recovery of a little boy, who had a severe case of spinal meningitis followed by mastoid. The doctors had given him up. Special prayers were said to the Little Flower and publication was promised.—Sr. M. C.

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The Grail

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VOLUME 11

JULY, 1929

NUMBER 3

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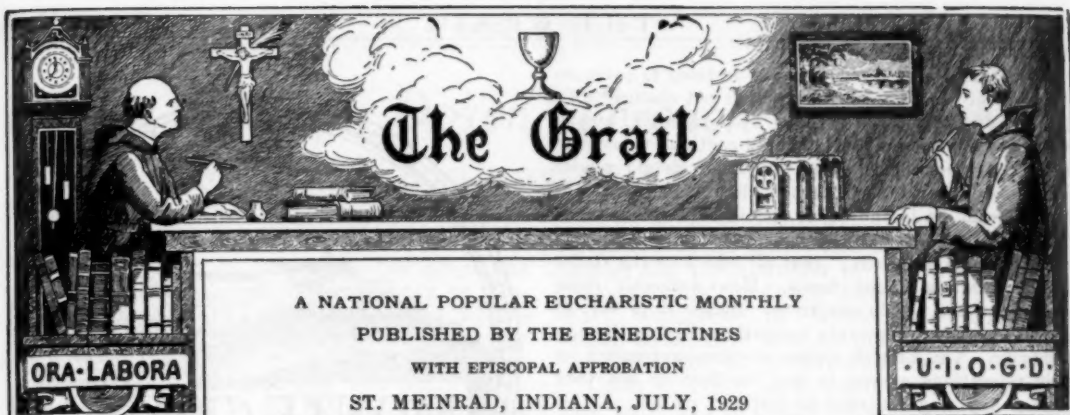
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Dedication

As the famous Archabbey of Monte Cassino in Italy is now celebrating the fourteenth centenary of its foundation by St. Benedict, and as Benedictines the world over look upon this renowned monastery as the cradle of the Order, it is appropriate that we dedicate one number of *THE GRAIL* to the Archabbey and its holy founder. Since the feast of the Solemnity of St. Benedict, which is celebrated with an octave, falls on the 11th of the month, it seems proper that we select the month of July for the purpose. For this reason then the greater part of the material and the illustrations of the present number have reference to St. Benedict and the foundation that he made on the rock.

THE GUIDING SPIRIT

To Monte Cassino in 529 went St. Benedict with a few companions from Subiaco, because he was persecuted there by an unworthy priest. On the summit of the mount, which he was to sanctify by his holy life, he fixed his abode, and there he dwelt until God called him hence on March 21, 543.

From this refuge on the holy mount St. Benedict sent forth his beloved Placid to make a foundation in Sicily, where he received the martyr's crown; Maur he directed to Gaul to found a religious family there. From the same holy mount in succeeding ages the sons of Benedict were sent to all parts of the world, taking with them in the holy rule the spirit of their holy father for their guidance.

Throughout the ages that rule has been an inspiration to princes of the state as well as to leaders in the Church. It was that rule which brought the benefit of civilization to Europe, and, consequently, to the rest of the world.

In his "Chapters in Social History," a book published in 1925 by Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., the author devotes an entire chapter to "The Rule and Method of St. Benedict." This particular chapter opens with the following quotation from Cardinal Newman's "Historical Sketches":

"St. Benedict found the world, physical and social,

in ruins, and his mission was to restore it in the way, not of science, but of nature, not as if setting about to do it, not professing to do it by any set time or by any rare specific or by any series of strokes, but so quietly, patiently, gradually, that often, till the work was done, it was not known to be doing. It was a restoration, rather than a visitation, correction, or conversion. The new world which he helped to create was a growth rather than a structure. Silent men were observed about the country, or discovered in the forest, digging, clearing, and building; and other silent men, not seen, were sitting in the cold cloister, tiring their eyes, and keeping their attention on the stretch, while they painfully deciphered and copied the manuscripts which they had saved. There was no one that 'contended, or cried out,' or drew attention to what was going on; but by degrees the woody swamp became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning, and a city. Roads and bridges connected with other abbeys and cities, which had similarly grown up; and what the haughty Alaric or fierce Attila had broken to pieces, these patient meditative men had brought together and made to live again."

An Order Destined for All Time

In its long history, which is practically the history of Europe, the Benedictine Order, too, has passed through many vicissitudes. It has seen the rise and fall of nations; it has peopled desert places with holy souls and given many saints to the Church, but, like the Church, it has met with reverses too. When the secular arm grew powerful and wielded the "big stick," especially towards the end of the eighteenth century, with many another religious organization the Order appeared to be doomed. Fortunately, however, the threatening clouds with deafening thunders and terrifying lightnings were more frightful than harmful. Having spent their fury, the impending storms gradually sank behind the horizon, and in the peace and calm that followed the Order began slowly to recover until now it is again flourishing everywhere.

In centuries past the Order was destined to carry on the work of God, and its purpose has not changed. To St. Benedict it is said to have been revealed, among other things, that his Order should continue to exist to the end of the world; that the Order should render great assistance to the Church at the end of the world; that all who die in the Order should be saved (that if any should lead a bad life, they would either convert or leave or be expelled); that all who love the Order should obtain a happy death. How authentic these revelations are we do not know. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that all private revelations rest on human authority. The Church makes no pronouncements on such revelations except to say whether or not they contain anything contrary to faith or morals.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

Christ's Priesthood and Ours

Two great truths taught us by the sacred liturgy are the priesthood of Christ and His character of mediator for mankind. Christ Himself has limned the majestic grandeur of His eternal priesthood in and through the visible priesthood of the Catholic Church. As Jesus clothed Himself in our mortal flesh in order to lead us to God, so His chosen representatives are taken from among men and given the divine mission to lead men to God. This they do by daily offering the Holy Victim for sin and by dispensing the graces of heaven to the needy dwellers on earth. In each liturgical act of the priest may be discerned a frail bit of the immeasurable splendor of the priesthood of Christ. The ordinary Catholic should not, however, be satisfied with merely contemplating this reflection of Christ's priestly dignity as seen in the clergy, because every Christian, who has received a part in the sonship of Jesus by the sacrament of baptism, also partakes, in a measure, of the priesthood of Christ. It was only after the undeniable stamp of His Father's approval had been vouchsafed Him at His baptism in the Jordan that Jesus began officially to fulfill the teaching and healing offices of His sacred ministry; and it is likewise by the indelible character conferred in the sacrament of baptism that all Christians are numbered among that "kingly priesthood" whose duty it is to manifest to an unbelieving world that God's goodness has called them from darkness into the light (1 Peter 2:9). The character imparted in baptism, and completed by the sacrament of confirmation, makes all Catholics fit to share in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and to receive the sacraments of the Church. Is not this truly a participation in the priesthood of Christ? Is it not a more complete initiation into the public worship offered to God in the first place by His Son, Jesus Christ, Who is at the same time our supreme Pontiff?

(Continued on page 113)



The Citadel of Peace

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

"Much peace have they that love thy law."
—Ps. 118:165

O Tower, immovable,
Midst cataclysms upon thy pedestal,
Thou hold'st as torch, as polar star,
Thy age-grayed head
On which fierce hordes have spent
Their fury,—but have lent
New lustre to thy name, and far
Thy fame have spread.

O shelt'ring Ark of Rest,
Securely anchored to the mountain's crest
As Noe's saving barque of old
On deluged ground,
Thy world-forbidding walls,
Thy prayer perfumed halls,
For fourteen centuries have told
Where rest is found.

O Citadel of Peace,
Where myriad care-racked souls have found
surcease
Of vacillating hopes and fears,—
A port of confidence,
When 'neath the Rule's light yoke
They self-forged fetters broke
Upon the rock—sans wistful tears—
OBEDIENCE

Monte Cassino Down Through the Centuries

PETER BEHRMAN, O. S. B.

MONTE Cassino, about half way between Rome and Naples, a small mountain floating in the air, as it seems to the eye of the traveller, was in ancient times the *arx* or citadel of the Latin town Casca or Cassinum situated at the base of the mountain. During the Samnite Wars, about 312 B. C., Cassinum was captured by the Romans and was made a Roman colony. With it the mountain also came under Roman sway. For centuries Monte Cassino had been sacred to the god Apollo; Venus was also worshipped there, when Benedict of Nursia in 529 A. D. scaled its heights and established there the bulwark that was to save civilization from ruin. The Roman Empire was then tottering to its ruin and threatened to engulf civilization in its destruction.

CONDITIONS AT END OF FIFTH CENTURY

With the death of Theodosius the Great (395 A. D.) the last protecting rampart of civilization was torn away. Wave after wave of barbarian hordes swept over Italy. The Visigoths, the Suevi, the Huns, and the Vandals passed only to pillage and plunder, but the Heruli and the Ostrogoths came to stay. Havoc indescribable was the result of these repeated incursions. "Eternal" Rome, which at the time of Augustus counted its inhabitants by the million, now was a city of only forty or fifty thousand. Basilicas and churches stood vacant. Palaces and theaters were falling into ruins. Everywhere destruction and desolation met the eye. Nor did the provinces fare much better. Gaul was in the grip of the Franks, Spain was occupied by the Visigoths, while Britannia trembled before the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons. The Church, too, the only uplifting force that remained, was more than ever afflicted by heresy and schism, which weak popes, the obscure successors of the great St. Leo, knew not how to repress. "Confusion, corruption, despair, and death were everywhere," says Montalembert. But "a star had now risen in Juda" and this was none other than Benedict of Nursia.

DAWN OF A NEW ERA

Benedict, who was born in 480 A. D. of noble parentage, was sent to Rome to study. Appalled at the vice and crime he beheld around him, he fled into solitude. High up on the mountain side in a grotto of the rugged regions around Subiaco, some forty miles from Rome, he spent three years in prayer and fasting. In the course of time, as disciples gathered around

him, he built for them twelve monasteries, each inhabited by an abbot and twelve monks. To escape the persecutions of a wicked priest, jealous of his constantly increasing fame, Benedict withdrew to Monte Cassino, a landed estate donated to him by the patrician Tertullus, the father of his favored disciple Placidus.

Upon arriving at Monte Cassino, Benedict's first care was to destroy the temple of Apollo, to burn the grove sacred to Venus, and to erect a chapel in honor of St. John the Baptist, and an oratory in honor of St. Michael. His next care was to preach the Gospel to the people of the surrounding country. As his abode he chose an old tower built by the Romans centuries before, and beside it he built a small monastery for his disciples. This Roman tower, which is still standing, and the monastery were the cradle of the Benedictine Order. It was in this tower that the patriarch laid the foundation of Western Monasticism. It was in this tower that this greatest of Roman lawgivers wrote for his disciples the famous Rule that, as Dr. Walsh says, brought happiness to a greater number of people than any other document written by the hand of man.

REFORM INAUGURATED

That he was starting the greatest reform movement of the Christian era; that he was establishing a secure harbor where learning might prosper and be preserved to be passed down to future generations; that he was inaugurating a missionary movement that would one day be the greatest factor in the conversion and civilization of Europe, all these things hardly entered the mind of the Patriarch as he sat in his cell writing down practical regulations for the governing of his little monastic community.

Providence decreed that the holy Patriarch was not to go to his reward until he had firmly established the institution he had founded. The peace it enjoyed during his life time, and the goodly number of years he was able to direct it, permitted him to instruct his disciples thoroughly in discipline and asceticism while the esteem in which he was everywhere held afforded the means of sustenance. Even during the lifetime of the saint his infant Order took root, not only in Italy but also in France and Sicily, and at the time of his death was in a flourishing condition.

DISASTER STRIKES THE HOLY MOUNT

Forty years after the death of the founder

(589 A. D.) there came upon the holy mountain the first disaster, which he had foretold and which, by many prayers and tears to the Almighty, he had striven to avert. Duke Zoto of Beneventum with his fierce Lombards fell upon the monastery in the stillness of the night and plundered it. All the monks escaped alive, as Benedict had predicted, and, with their Abbot, Bonitus, fled to Rome, where Pope Pelagius II provided for them an asylum near the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

The removal from Monte Cassino to Rome; the change from country to city life, did not fail to influence the life and customs of the monks. Labor of the mind, study, and the copying of books was now more stressed than labor of the hands. It is quite likely that the influence of Cassidorus, the statesman monk, though not a Benedictine, had something to do with effecting this change. Another innovation, the change from a lay to an ecclesiastical order, now only a short step, was accomplished mainly through the influence of St. Gregory the Great. This greatest of Popes may truly be called the propagator of the Order of St. Benedict. Not only did he found many monasteries within the confines of Italy and beyond, not only did he, in 596, send St. Augustine with forty monks to convert England, but he also influenced many monasteries in Italy and France and Spain to change their respective rules for that of St. Benedict. By these measures he drew them, as well as the countries in which they were situated, closer to Rome the center of Christendom.

MONTE CASSINO INHABITED AGAIN

For nearly a century and a half Monte Cassino had lain in ruins. Only a number of hermits still hallowed the spot with their vigils and prayers when Pope Gregory II determined to raise it out of the dust. He chose as his instrument Petronax, a pious nobleman of Brescia. Taking with him a number of monks from the monastery near the Lateran, Petronax arrived at Monte Cassino in 717, and there was joined by the hermits of the neighborhood and the monks from St. Vincent's, a small monastery not far off. The blessing of God rested on the undertaking. As its disaster had come from the hands of the Duke of Beneventum, so

was the restoration of Monte Cassino at least partly effected by the hand of another Duke of Beneventum, namely by Gisulf, who donated to the monks a large tract of land, the nucleus of what later became the little state of San Germano. In 748 Pope Zachary in the presence of thirteen archbishops and seventy-eight bishops solemnly dedicated the new church. He restored to the monks the original copy of the Rule written by the hand of St. Benedict and exempted the monastery from all episcopal jurisdiction. Moreover, he also donated to them valuable manuscripts of Holy Scripture, thus

laying the foundation of a new library. By these and other favors—yet more by the zeal and industry of Petronax and his monks—a period of progress in art and culture no less than in the service of God was begun at Monte Cassino so that it soon rivalled its daughter monasteries—St. Gaul, Reichenau, and Corvey, then among the most famous resorts of scholars in Europe.



DOM GREGORY IV DIAMARE
ARCHABBOT AND ORDINARY
OF MONTE CASSINO
297TH SUCCESSOR OF ST. BEN-
EDICT
TITULAR BISHOP OF CON-
STANTSA

MONTE CASSINO A SEAT OF LEARNING AND SANCTITY

Baronius, speaking of the prosperity to which Monte Cassino attained under Abbot Petronax, compares it to a beehive from which new swarms continually went forth. He then adds: "This much I can say without fearing to be accused of a lie that in the whole world there never existed a monastery from which went forth so many holy and learned men—and from which so many were called to rule the See of Peter, that it can be truly called a training school for rulers of the Church."

The esteem in which Monte Cassino was held at this time is further attested by the fact that the two crowned heads, Carloman, King of Austrasia, and Ratchis, King of the Lombards, chose, after laying aside the royal purple, to end their days in the peace of its quiet: This esteem was shown, furthermore, by Charlemagne, who, upon a visit to Monte Cassino, was so edified at what he saw there that he asked for monks from that monastery to reform some of the monasteries in France. Similarly, Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, knew of no better place where Sturmius, destined to be the first Abbot of Fulda, might imbibe the true Benedictine spirit than at the cradle of the Order.

In the field of literature, too, Monte Cassino produced during the so-called Dark Ages men of outstanding fame. Among these may be mentioned Hilderich, the poet; Aegidius, the Athenian, who wrote on medicine; Abbot Bertharius, who wrote two books on medicine, some homilies, and a commentary on Holy Scripture. But the most eminent figure of them all, as well as of the scholars of his day, was Paul Warnefried, better known as Paul the Deacon, a writer in many fields, but above all a historian of merit, who wrote more than two dozen volumes of history.

ANOTHER DISASTER BRINGS RUIN

Monte Cassino was still at the height of prosperity when a storm threatened it from the South, which all the efforts of the good and wise Abbot Bertharius could not ward off. The Saracens, having taken firm root in Southern Italy, constantly extended their excursions further north. In vain did Bertharius seek to buy them off with three thousand gold pieces; in vain did he appeal to the Emperor; in vain did he strengthen the fortifications of Monte Cassino and of San Salvator—a monastery at the foot of the mountain. In the night of Sept. 12, 884, Monte Cassino was razed to the ground for the second time, and many of its monks were slain by the cruel Sons of the Desert. When Abbot Bertharius, who happened to be at San Germano at the time, received the sad news, he began immediately to prepare for the worst. After sending some of the monks with the most precious treasures of the monastery to safety, he, with the others, awaited the crown of martyrdom, which was at hand. Forty days after the massacre on Monte Cassino the Saracens came to complete the bloody work. San Salvator, too, was given a prey to the flames. Abbot Bertharius was killed at the Altar while offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Monte Cassino was no more. At the time little hope was entertained for its rebuilding. Yet a seed had been saved by the prudence of Abbot Bertharius. These monks under the leadership of Angelar settled down for a time in a lit-

tle monastery in Teano, north of Capua. For them the cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing in 897, when they were made homeless by a fire which burned their monastery, burying in its ashes a priceless treasure—the original of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

ASYLUM IN CAPUA AND RETURN TO MONTE CASSINO

For a time the monks received shelter in the palace of the Bishop of Teano. But a trial of a different nature now came upon them. In order that he might lord it over their patrimony, Duke Landulph prevailed on them to come to Capua, where he had built for them a monastery. In 926 they moved thither. But as Cassinese austerity could not be bedfellow with Capuan luxury, it consequently soon departed—to the chagrin and great sorrow of the more zealous monks. These, headed by Aligernus, appealed to Pope Agapitus to use his influence with Landulph to let the monks return to Monte Cassino. The appeal had the desired effect; all the monks, "young and old," were commanded by the Pope to return to Monte Cassino.

As the first return of the monks to Monte Cassino had taken place under the direction of the saintly Abbot Petronax, so the second, in 949, was mainly the work of the noble Abbot Aligernus. He put forth such great efforts, not only to retrieve the losses of rights and property, but also to revive the ancient discipline, and to arouse renewed interest in art and science, that he may rightly be termed the third founder of Monte Cassino. The success Aligernus attained in the restoration is strikingly attested by St. Nilus, who was so edified at what he saw



ARCHABBEY ON SUMMIT OF MONTE CASSINO

there that he composed a song in praise of St. Benedict and Monte Cassino; but what was St. Nilus's disappointment and sorrow when a few years later he found all changed for the worse. This time he did not tarry but departed immediately, saying to his companions: "Let us hurry away, brethren! Let us hurry away for the vengeance of God is near." Manso, the successor of the holy Aligernus, who attained to the abbatial dignity through the influence of the Duke of Capua, was the cause of this unhappy change. The vengeance of God, foretold by St. Nilus, did not delay long in overtaking Manso. Having fallen into the hands of his enemies, who deprived him of his eyesight, he died shortly after. The misrule of Manso, however, was not devoid of all good fruit. A number of the monks, disgusted with existing conditions, left Monte Cassino and founded other monasteries. Fully half a dozen new foundations thus came into existence. The successor of Manso once more walked the way of the Lord.

SPIRIT OF UNREST EVERYWHERE

For the monks, however, the end of their troubles had not yet come. The meddling hand of secular princes in the affairs of the monastery, especially of the Dukes of Capua,—which so often had been a disturbing factor to the venerable Abbey—was again to cause trouble. Duke Pandulph of Capua had by intrigue succeeded in gaining possession of Abbot Theobald, the worthy successor of the unworthy Manso, and kept him in confinement. In the meanwhile he began to lord it over Monte Cassino in a high-handed manner. He robbed the monastery of the treasure that Emperor Henry II had so generously bestowed upon it shortly before and placed over the monastery a procurator who seemed to take special delight in making the lives of the monks miserable. Finally these lost patience and protested against the cruel treatment that they were receiving. They left the monastery in a body, intending to cross the Alps in order to lay their complaints at the feet of Emperor Conrad. When the procurator received notice of this, he followed them in great consternation and with prayers and entreaties prevailed on them to return. Simple-hearted as they were, they believed his words and returned. Their lot, however, did not change for the better but rather for the worse, until Emperor Conrad came to Italy. When he heard their story, he was moved to tears. At the request of the monks, Richer, a Bavarian, and a friend of the Emperor, was installed as Abbot in the place of Theobald, who in the meanwhile had died.

With the strong regime of the new Abbot

came better times. Yet real, true, lasting peace could not be had in a land where unrest prevailed. The never-ending Italian factional wars that so frequently disturbed the tranquillity of Italy are a matter of history. After all, the troubles and vicissitudes of which we read in the history of Monte Cassino are but the echo of similar, but greater, trials through which the Church, the Spouse of Christ, passed during this same period, and these in turn are but the fulfillment of the words of the Divine Master: "If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you." It must also be remembered that Monte Cassino was strategically situated the gateway from Southern to Central Italy. Thus it happened that the strong-handed Richer, when he was not warding off the attacks of the Dukes of Capua or Aquino, was obliged to arm his monks and measure swords with the brave, though unscrupulous, Normans. In this his efforts were generally crowned with success.

REFORM IN HEAD AND MEMBERS

With the accession of Pope Leo IX to the Papacy in 1049 the Church was entering upon a new period of its history—the period of reform in "head and members." If the period of factional strife had reechoed at Monte Cassino, the period of reform was to reverberate there even more strongly. And as centuries before the sons of St. Benedict had been the main instrument in spreading the Church, so now they were to be the main instrument in its reform. To the Abbey of Cluny, however, and not to the Abbey of Monte Cassino, belongs the honor of initiating this reform. After reforming itself, this monastery, either by new foundations or by affiliation, gradually became the head and center of a string of over three hundred monasteries, in all of which burned the spirit of reform, and only guiding and encouraging minds of prudent and strong leaders were needed to direct this wonderful instrument for good. In the production and training of such leaders Monte Cassino was to stand forth preeminently and to surpass its daughter monastery, Cluny.

The zealous Richer was followed by the pious Peter I (1055–1057). He in turn was followed by Frederic of Lorraine, who later as Stephen X (d. 1058) became the third of the so-called reform Popes. Then came the great Desiderius, under whose administration Monte Cassino attained to the zenith of its glory. This truly great man, whose special aim in life seems to have been to remain unknown, was everywhere pursued by honor and distinction until, much against his will, he was raised to the papal throne as Victor III in 1086.

REIGN OF ABBOT DESIDERIUS

Abbot Desiderius was blessed in 1058 by Pope Nicholas III himself, who immediately after his benediction made him a cardinal. The new Abbot's first care was directed toward the construction of more extensive and adequate living quarters for the monks. He then centered all his attention on the erection of a beautiful basilica. All Italy, and even Greece and Alexandria, contributed toward this vast undertaking. The Abbot himself, who was well-known because of his family connections and his travels, and whose winning ways made him welcome everywhere, gathered a variety of marble, precious stones, and antiques in various cities of Italy and especially at Rome. His agents scoured the country from Almalfi in the South to Lombardy in the North in search of skilled artists and artisans. From Alexandria artists were summoned to lay the floor; at Constantinople the massive bronze doors were made. In 1071, when all was finished, the new basilica was dedicated with becoming festivity. Assisted by seven cardinals, ten archbishops, forty-four bishops, and a great number of priests, religious, and princes, Pope Alexander II performed the ceremony.

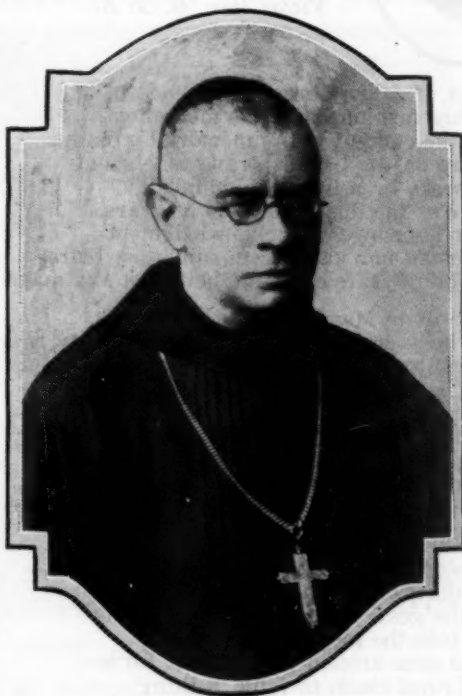
But external splendor and prosperity was not Desiderius' main and only care. With untiring zeal he fostered piety and labored for the observance and promotion of discipline. It is not a little to his credit that Monte Cassino at this time produced a number of men noted for extraordinary piety, several of whom are honored as saints.

Next to the care of his own flock Abbot Desiderius occupied himself with the welfare of the Church. Among the most zealous promoters of the reform movement, ranking next to the intrepid Hildebrand and the fiery Peter Damian, must be counted the kind and even-tempered Abbot Desiderius, who possessed special tact in diplomacy. With the Normans he was ever on friendly terms and on several occasions

when the Popes were hard pressed by the imperial party, he rendered invaluable service to the Holy See by negotiating with the Normans to come to the rescue of the Sovereign Pontiff.

To relate all that the great abbot and his monks did for this cause of reform would be beyond the sphere of the present paper. Yet this may be said that the reform Popes looked upon Monte Cassino as a training school of leaders and coworkers, for within seventy years it gave to the Church three Popes, eighteen Cardinals, twenty-three Archbishops and Bishops. It was but natural then that the Popes cherished the venerable monastery, which was such a firm prop to the Holy See, and honored it with many visits. Up to the beginning of the twelfth century twenty-three such visits are recorded.

When the great Hildebrand, Gregory VII, lay dying at Salerno, he could think of no better man to continue his work of reform than the Abbot of Monte Cassino. Accordingly, after the death of Gregory, Desiderius was proclaimed Pope on Easter, 1086. No doubt the first reason for this choice was the personality of Desiderius. Yet a second reason was the greatness of Monte Cassino, which, now at the zenith of its glory, possessed two dukedoms, besides other territorial districts, cities, towns, landed estates, and harbors. Under its jurisdiction were also numerous churches. Many monasteries, too, acknowledged the abbot of Monte Cassino as their superior. (To be concluded)



DOM FIDELIS DE STOTZINGEN
ABBOT PRIMATE
OF THE BENEDICTINE ORDER
RESIDENT AT ROME

edged the abbot of Monte Cassino as their superior. (To be concluded)

The highway of life which leads to the Eternal City is exceeding dusty, and the soul traveling upon it needs the frequent application of the wonderful polish of divine grace. This polish God supplies in abundance so that our souls may enter the Heavenly Jerusalem shining as resplendently as they did on the day they left the hands of the Maker.



A Father's Monument

Victor Dux, O. S. B.

The forms of fallen heroes rest beneath
Some richly fashioned marble monument,
Whereon the current year's memorial wreath,
Its verdure on the lifeless gravestone spent
In vain, seeks by a living compliment
To cover o'er the dust and mold of years.
Unfeeling Time owes no acknowledgment—
Nor nobleman nor knave commands *his* tears,
For crumbling years combine their dust and make them peers.

Thus is it oft in Mem'ry's faded halls;
For men have stalked the earth with mighty tread,
Who, discontent to write in common scrawls
Upon the page of life, have nobly bled
And fallen—to be counted with the dead
Whom Time has buried in his trackless sea.
A staring statue graces in their stead
The earth that cried aloft their chivalry;
A street is named for them—renown's fair mockery.

But something higher than this meager praise
Is due the one beloved of heaven's King.
A living shaft of memories, ablaze
With all the gems that filial love can bring
Or press into the monumental ring
That loyal sons around their father form—
Here is a royal claim to fame, a thing
Of beauty unsurpassed. No calm nor storm
Will ever wrest from Benedict the father's norm.

Behold the Holy Rule, a trophy rare,
Of Benedict's own self the counterpart!
Wise pedagogue of hallowed work and prayer,
Sublimest mark of mortal fame thou art.
Triumphant column carved from human heart
Still breathing, palpitating, giving life
To countless souls who choose "the better part,"
Who walk above this world, with peril rife,
And seek the *peace* of Benedict beyond the strife.

The Letter of The Holy Father

UNDER date of February 10, feast of St. Scholastica, (twin sister of St. Benedict), the Holy Father sent to the Rt. Rev. Gregory IV Diamare, O. S. B., Titular Bishop of Constantza, President of the Cassinese Benedictine Congregation, Abbot-Ordinary of the Archabbey of Monte Cassino, an Apostolic Letter in which he lauds the work that was inaugurated by St. Benedict, work that throughout these many centuries has been carried on by the Order he established.

In referring to the jubilee at Monte Cassino in particular, the Holy Father heartily commends—because of the great spiritual advantage to be derived therefrom—the project of convening a synod of the clergy of the diocese and also of holding a Eucharistic Congress—with which the jubilee at Monte Cassino will come to a close in September.

In testimony of his paternal affection and benevolence, the Holy Father granted three special privileges for the jubilee year:

(1) All priests who with a pious intention visit the Archabbey may celebrate on any altar of the Cathedral at Monte Cassino the Votive Mass of St. Benedict on any day of the present year, except on doubles of the first and second class, or on other privileged days when Votive Masses are prohibited.

(2) The privilege *in perpetuity* of celebrating in that same basilica the Votive Mass of St. Benedict—but only as Conventional Mass—on every Tuesday of the year except, as above, on days when such Masses are prohibited.

(3) The special privilege of gaining this year on the two feasts of St. Benedict: that of his death, on March 21; and that of his Solemnity, on July 11, a plenary indulgence *as often as (toties quoties)* one visit the Monte Cassino Cathedral and prays according to the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, provided that he also receive the sacraments.

Giving expression, furthermore, to his ardent desire to visit Monte Cassino in person to attend the ceremonies of the jubilee, the Holy Fa-

ther promised to send his Legate to perform the liturgical functions in his stead.—Recently the Catholic papers carried a picture featuring His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri as Papal Legate at Monte Cassino.

The following is a translation of the principal part of the Holy Father's letter to Archabbot Diamare, who is the 297th successor of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino:

Surely it seems to have been due to a special dispensation of Divine Providence that your Father and Lawgiver, fourteen centuries ago, went up to the summit of Monte Cassino, and that, after destroying there the altar of Apollo, he raised up in its very place your celebrated monastery, that where erstwhile reigned the black night of ignorance and vice, there might arise an enduring abode of learning and virtue. To use the words of our Predecessor, Pius X, of happy memory, that renowned home of monastic life not only "was a pillar of the Church and a stronghold of the Faith during her severest trials"; it was as well the faithful guardian of the antiquities of letters and arts, those so bountiful aids of civilization. The



INITIAL LETTER FROM ANCIENT TOME

literary heritage of Greek and Roman genius and effort, mixed indeed with gross error, it endeavored to increase by its own inheritance of Christian wisdom, that it might hand it on to posterity. Still there is no reason for Us to linger long in illustrating from facts of history the deserved fame of your monastery. For everyone knows that men of high repute flourished there, men far removed from the bluster and allurements of the world, men who spent themselves in divine contemplation, in uniting themselves ever more closely to God, men indeed who attained the very heights of sanctity. No one can read the old annals and not perceive with what assiduity your forbears of long ago cultivated the sacred sciences; by them without doubt the true faith was preserved incorrupt. And one marvels to observe in those same ancient rec-

ords with what zeal and industry they collected and transcribed manuscripts, that had been scattered abroad, even theretofore buried in oblivion, or consumed with age: and all this at a time when barbarous hordes were devastating on all sides with fire and sword. One need but mention how they went forth in all ages, even to the remotest lands, bearing civilization with them and the truth of the Gospel. Yet it was not alone with Faith and human culture that they enriched those many peoples in the sweat of their brows they rooted out forests and tilled the land throughout Europe, opened new roads, and thus united cities by bonds of friendship and commerce; there was no art they did not teach those peoples who hitherto had spent their lives in sanguinary strife.

ORA ET LABORA: Pray and Work! These watchwords they could justly claim as peculiarly theirs, for by prayer not less than by labor they accomplished their ends; in all ages these words contained for them their Father's sacred legacy, breathing as it were his very spirit. Wherefore, it may truly be said that, in those times of social upheaval—when the Roman Empire collapsed, when the incursions of the barbarians were everywhere working havoc—Holy Church, by God's special Providence, enjoyed in this first home of the Order a remarkable support. It was due in great part to your Order that from those tempestuous times Christian society emerged renewed and strengthened. And so it is not strange that Popes and kings have betaken themselves to the tomb of St. Benedict, there to remain, often for a long time, in prayer that their realms might abound in peace and security. So too can we understand the praises which Our Predecessors have heaped on Monte Cassino: for example, that of Nicholas II, who esteemed it "the master school of the monastic ideal"; or that of Paschal II, who called it the "source of all western monasticism"; or again that of Urban V, "that renowned monastery which was the source and model of all others." And just recently Pius X, in his memorable Apostolic Letter, gave expression to his own high esteem thus: "Here was preserved the sacred inviolability of divine, not less than human law, during the awful storm when night and injustice everywhere wrought confusion. What Italy and all Europe owes to Benedictine monks, history, the guide of life and the herald of truth, teaches us; indeed, thence we learn that for a long series of years the history of the Roman Church is in great measure the history of Monte Cassino." Wherefore, Venerable Brother, it is very natural that you should have conceived the plan of celebrating solemnly the fourteen hundredth anniversary of the founding of your Abbey. And surely these solemnities, filled as they will be with the memory of

the blessings God has bestowed on your Order and through you on mankind, together with your gratitude to the Giver of all goods—surely, We say, these things will stimulate you to imitate, to emulate the example of your forbears.

And so, Venerable Brother, spare no effort in the furtherance of your holy desires, that they may be blessed with a happy outcome. . . . We are certain that your confreres will not be wanting in zeal, and that clergy and faithful will lend their willing aid. For Ourselves, We rejoice with you: the more indeed because of the happy recollection of having often visited your Abbey out of Our devotion to your Father St. Benedict, and for the sake of study; oftentimes has the silence of the place carried Us off in visions of the glorious past of your Order; many times too have We knelt in the crypt before the sacred remains of your Father, to drink in their a sweetness of soul, the memory of which even now fills Us with peace and joy.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, as a harbinger of heaven's munificence and as a sign of especial love, we bestow on you, on all your confreres of the Benedictine Order and on all the clergy and people under your care, Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the tenth of February, the Feast of the Virgin St. Scholastica, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, the seventh of Our Pontificate.

PIUS XI, POPE.

Saint Benedict the Lawgiver

(Concluded from page 115)

tiful plan it is! How wholly in accord with the Holy Gospel of Jesus! What a bright mirror of good works! Countless souls have looked into this mirror and prepared their souls for heaven. Thousands of souls are to-day using this mirror while making their spiritual toilet for eternity.

Eucharistic Thoughts

V. D.

You may get along without any close friends to comfort you in distress if the friendship of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist means to you all that it ought to mean.

The rich man and the huckster, the college student and the newsboy have an equal chance of personal profit or loss by the Communions they receive.

The Power Behind 14 Centuries of Achievement

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

SELF-PRAISE in itself and for the sake of self is never beseeeming. Even St. Paul, when directed by the Spirit of God to commend himself and his labors to the Corinthians, prefaced his recital with an apology for his "foolishness." So in undertaking to write of the glories that cover the walls of Monte Cassino—mounting and increasing in richness and beauty with the ages, as does the moss on castle wall—do we humbly take our place with the author of Ecclesiasticus (44:1), who, looking back at the deeds and virtues of his fathers, took up their praise with a profound sense of gratitude to God, in the words: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation."

We in America are circumscribed by brevity of tradition. Relics of Revolutionary days are looked upon with awe; pre-Revolutionary re-

mains are sacred; and absolute antiquity, remote and hidden, for many of us is a nebulous period prior to the year 1492. Hence, for us to envisage a community in one locality that has, with relatively short interruptions, maintained a continuous existence not for a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years, but for full fourteen centuries, requires a severe taxing of our imaginative powers.

Yet such a thing we have actually in Monte Cassino, and with this venerable abbey in the Benedictine Order, History, witness of very deed and truth, tells us with such determination of fact as leaves no doubt that St. Benedict settled there with his few followers and established the community, the Abbey, in the year 529, just 1400 years ago. It tells us, too, that, guided by keen observation and much experience, helped by the legal genius that was in



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL—BASILICA OF ARCHABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO

him as a Roman, and, more precious still, with the Finger of God tracing the lines before him, he later wrote a Rule whereby his monks should live.

Viewed in the stark simplicity of its seventy-three brief chapters, this Rule may at first reading be disappointing. Thus it is, however, with all the productions of genius; they are invariably marked by a facility and simplicity that is baffling. Yet since its great work is a matter of history, we shall find it worth while to examine briefly into what this little Rule has achieved in the Church, and at the same time to try to discover the reason for its astounding success.

The civilized world at the time of St. Benedict presented a sorry, chaotic spectacle. The culture and power of southern Europe had disintegrated into the weakness and degeneracy consequent on wealth and vice. On this weakened state there burst, with the fury and ruthlessness of enraged elements, the uncouth, plundering hordes of barbarians from northern Europe, sweeping all before them and threatening to reduce the then civilized world to primitive barbarism. In the Church, too, fearful havoc was wrought. Pagans or heretics as they were, these barbarians doomed to dissolution a great part of what the Church had established.

But the power of God was not shortened in this extremity. It is not extravagant to say that a great part of what is preserved today of ancient culture and excellence, the revival of religion, the transformation of Europe from devastation and ruin into renewed order and productiveness,—that all this has been brought about by Him through one man, who from the holy hill of Monte Cassino, seeing the ruin and hearing the appeals for aid sounding on every side, trained and sent out contingents of his mighty warrior band to all quarters.

Strong in obedience and in the discipline of this Rule, they went forth, settling in most unlikely places, wherein nature and man seemed most averse to all subjection,—and lo! deserts and wilderness bloomed into fertility, ignorance lightened into knowledge, and lawlessness subsided beneath the mild restraint of God's commands.

It were erroneous to state that such nigh miraculous change was wrought in days or months; yet, that it was achieved at all in due time constitutes one of the marvels of history.

Certainly we must see in all this the Providence of God, disposing all things with seeming ease, albeit with unlimited wisdom and power. Often our straightened intellects see not at the moment how or why God does things; afterwards, effects produced enable us to go back to their right causes. So too in this matter. Viewed from the perspective of centuries, we

can the more easily perceive how a small army of simple monks successfully withstood a multitudinous array of soldiery, so quickly remedied the destruction wrought by their invasion, and, having built, have continued to labor thus constructively now these full fourteen centuries.

To produce results so astounding, these men must have had a power behind them that was commensurate with these results. Such power, indeed, they did have in their rule of life.

If we may state summarily the single purpose of Benedictine life, it is this: to fashion individuals into perfect Christians, and to form of these individuals stable, useful communities.

Perfect Christians are such as successfully overcome the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life. This the monk binds himself to do by the religious vows respectively of poverty, chastity and obedience. This is general. The detailed practice of Christian life falls also under the Rule, for, especially in the fourth chapter, all possible means of perfection are enumerated and enjoined.

The order of the day, moreover, presents an appropriate variation of prayer and work, a sensible combination of the contemplative and active, such as gives full play to the aspirations of one without excluding a suitable devotion to the other.

While thus seeking to perfect individuals, St. Benedict also banded them together into powerful communities. This he effected by means of the vow of stability, an innovation and a stroke of legislative genius. By this vow the monk attached himself and his unqualified obedience to one house, to one superior. St. Benedict, knowing that strength of the state rests on the families comprising it, gave power and permanence to his Order by building it compactly into well organized families—all one in rule of life, yet autonomous in their respective government. Thus his monks should be able to draw on a reserve of strength ever at their command, a strength that flowed from the unperturbed peace, stability and organized power of a well-ordered family.

Having in mind, now, the excellent direction and solid foundation given by St. Benedict to the lives of both monks and community, we are brought to the final essential reason for this Order's achievement. This we may speak of, in a word, as its universal adaptability.

It is adaptable, first, to all degrees of perfection in the monk, and gives sufficient latitude to individual capacity and preferences as to place sanctity within the attainment of all. The Work of God—the Divine Office with the other liturgical functions—is foremost among spiritual activities always and everywhere;

from this inexhaustible source of grace and inspiration no one may exclude himself. It is the chief item in conventual life. The other means of devotion and ascetical practice are open to all in abundance, are urged upon all and may be used by each according to individual power and ability.

Benedictine life is adaptable to all countries. With deliberate care our Lawgiver commends to the discretion of the abbot changes in routine, food, clothing, etc., necessitated by diversity of climate and local conditions, the spirit of the essentials, however, always remaining in force and practice.

As it is adaptable to all countries, so is this life suited to all Christian effort. From the beginning, the monks have been identified with all the diverse activities of the Church: they have been apostles, reformers, educators, leaders in social and economic uplift. Glancing over history we see in their ranks the great Pope Gregory, the Apostle Boniface, the learned Anselm, the zealous Peter Damian; and throughout all lands industrious lay brothers have first exemplified in their own work, then taught the surrounding peasantry an agricultural and economic efficiency that raised in those dark times the standard of living ever more to the actual level of civilized man.

Hence when one seeks any single reason for the existence of this Order, one will find none other than this: it is to represent as closely as possible the ideal Christian life, adaptable to all the needs of the Church in any particular age or country. This constitutes the essential basis of the permanence and achievement of that Order instituted fourteen centuries ago on Monte Cassino. It was not formed for a certain work, for certain contingencies, for certain countries or climes. Its purpose is as universal as is that of the Church.

Hence it is not altogether presumptuous to say that as the Church of Christ is to continue its mission till the end of time; so this Order, granted that it keep clear its essential spirit and general purpose, is destined to continue its holy, fruitful existence to the end. And tradition tells us that such was the promise made from heaven to our holy Patriarch.

So even now, through the grace of God, does the spirit of St. Benedict from the sacred Mount still pulsate throughout the world. Centers of learning, art and industry are the communities in every land; even yet do zealous

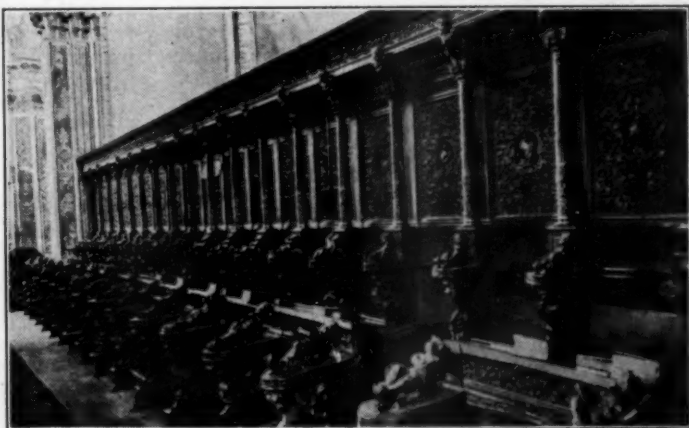
monks penetrate into heathen lands to garner souls and teach men to live; at all times are leaders at the service of the Church to head reforms or undertake special tasks; and, over all the earth, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, there is offered to the Most High that constant prayer universal, the *laus perennis* of the Divine Office, whereby monastic choirs protect, fortify, and sanctify themselves, the Church and the World. *Vivat et crescat ut in omnibus glorificetur Deus!*

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 102)

OUR MEDIATOR

That our Savior is now, and shall be till the end of time, fulfilling the high office of mediator in our behalf, is amply proved by the words of St. Paul: "For that He continueth for ever, He hath an everlasting priesthood: whereby He is able also to save for ever them that come to God by Him" (Heb. 7:24). In another place the Apostle says that Christ is "always living to make intercession for us." In other words, Jesus is our Mediator with the Father. The liturgy of this month opens with a feast which shows strikingly how Christ pleads our cause at the court of heaven. The feast of the Precious Blood teaches us nothing more clearly than the powerful effect of Christ's mediation through the merits of the saving stream that flowed from His side on Calvary. He is the *Way* and the *Door* by which we enter heaven. The liturgy helps us to realize more fully the truth of St. Augustine's words: "Through Christ as man we go to Christ as God." This is a truth, indeed, which we are apt to forget, but behold! here the liturgy comes to our aid, since it reminds us in so many and such varied ways that Christ is our go-between in those things which pertain to the well-being both of soul and of body.



CHOIR STALLS IN MONTE CASSINO CATHEDRAL

Saint Benedict the Lawgiver

IGNATIUS ESSER, O. S. B.

BEHOLD a man of international fame, a man who cast an influence both deep and wide over the entire Western World. Civil life, ecclesiastical life, and monastic life owe numerous beneficial impressions to him. The life story of the youthful hermit of Subiaco may be unknown to many individuals; but the salutary effects of his existence are coextensive with Western civilization and Christianization. Well might we study Benedict of Nursia, the man whose biography is so brief though his life is so far-reaching.

Saint Benedict was born in Nursia, up in the old Sabine country, seventy-five miles northeast of Rome. To one acquainted with Ancient History, this one fact alone means much and helps to explain especially the legislative powers of the holy Patriarch Benedict.

No one that has ever studied history is ignorant of the splendor and majesty of ancient Rome. Roman history, Roman laws, yea, even Roman ruins point to a greatness that has never been surpassed by natural genius. But, what is to be especially noted here is this: The builders of the Eternal City drew their life-blood from *Sabine* mothers; from women whom the founders of Rome prized and shrewdly captured, to make them their wives. The Sabines breathed the bracing air of the lofty Apennines, northeast of Rome. They were noted for their austerity and manly courage. Cicero praised the stolid Sabines and especially the endurance of *Nursia's* inhabitants. One of Rome's bravest generals, Sertorius, and one of her noblest Caesars, Vespasian, came from Nursia.

Nestled up in the hill country and lying off the more principal Roman highways, Nursia retained its ancient integrity longer than the capital city, Rome. Even after Rome had been corrupted by her opulence and sin, the old Roman virtues still thrived at Nursia. And, when the brightness of the Holy Gospel was flashed over the Nursian hills, in the middle of the third century, it lighted up a race of truly noble men. The combination of untainted Roman virtue and supernatural grace formed a fertile soil for saints.

From this soil sprang Benedict in the year 480. Pope St. Gregory the Great, his biographer, says of him that from his boyhood days he possessed the wisdom of a sage—"Ab ipso pueritiae suae tempore cor gerens senile: aetatem moribus transiens." This gifted son of a noble family was entitled to the best education of the

times. To Rome he must therefore go, to pursue the liberal arts. At an early age, possibly at the age of fifteen or seventeen, he left his home to go to a Roman school.

What did the future lawgiver find in this civil law center of the world? A capital city in ruins. Old pagan Rome had fallen—fallen financially, fallen politically, fallen morally. The city into which wealth had poured from all the provinces, the city that had delighted in its circus and its sensuality, the city that had dominated two hundred million subjects, that Queen City, was a miserable wreck. Wealth, pleasure, and pride had eaten into her very vitals. Such was the state of the civil center. Nor was ecclesiastical life intact. With Constantine, the age of martyrdom had ceased. With religious liberty came also religious laxity. Four distinct heresies had been menacing the Church. Many among both laity and clergy had succumbed to the infection—a sign of weakening faith and growing insubordination or lawlessness. And what of the monastic life of that time? Saint Benedict himself, not many years later, had to caution his followers against monks whose lives were a mockery of the tonsure and the cowl they wore.

This was food for thought for the youthful sage. What a contrast between ruined Rome and the Gospel perfection for which the law-abiding Benedict longed. He saw what great evils wealth, sensuality, and pride had wrought; he contemplated what great good poverty, chastity, and obedience might accomplish.

Benedict, the noble Nursian, would not be spoiled by the capital city. He resolved to flee from the sinful scene and become a hermit. In prayerful solitude he would seek his God. A little cave at Subiaco, forty miles east of Rome, was his chosen abode for the next several years. Here he prayed and practiced penance. Here it was that he began that life of virtue of which the Church speaks in the Office of his feast: "Leading an angelic life on earth, he became a mirror of good works to the world."

In what respect was his life angelic? In this that he sought to do God's will on earth as perfectly as it is done in heaven. God's will, the supremest of laws, was to mold his being unto great holiness. God could use such a man. And He did use him for high purposes. By divine intervention Benedict was drawn from his solitude. God chose to hold up to the world this mirror of good works that many might use it to sanctify themselves.

After three years of hermit life Saint Benedict spent about thirty years in the following works: First he instructed the humble peasants who came to him from the neighborhood of Subiaco. Then, by request, he undertook the government of a community of monks. They were wicked monks with low ideals. They regretted having chosen this holy man as their superior and tried to poison him. Saint Benedict's blessing caused the goblet of poisoned wine to burst asunder. He withdrew from the community and returned to Subiaco. There he established in the next few years twelve monasteries which he governed. These monasteries included schools wherein were educated boys and youths from all ranks of life.

All this varied experience seems to have been providential. It was a preparation for the one big work of Saint Benedict, the writing of his Holy Rule. In the year 529, fourteen centuries ago, yielding to a jealous persecutor, he went southward, to Monte Cassino. There he established the renowned Abbey of Monte Cassino. There, finally, he wrote his Holy Rule, whereby was established the Benedictine Order, which was to be such a strong arm to holy Church during ages of direst need.

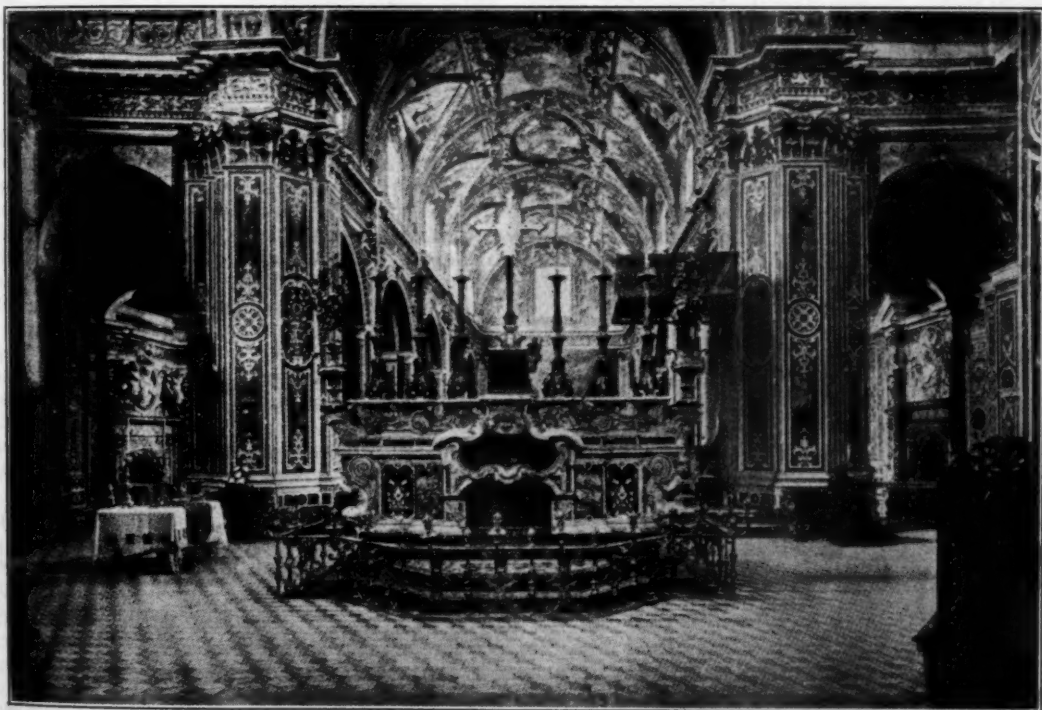
What is there in that little vest-pocket volume, the Rule of Saint Benedict, that makes it

so mighty an instrument in God's Holy Church? In ages past kings and queens studied its pages to draw from them sound principles for governing their people. In ninety-seven instances royal rulers were so enraptured with the norm of life that they found in Saint Benedict's Rule that they exchanged their thrones for cloistral cells. Holy Mother Church calls this Rule "a beautiful document of a blessed life," and she styles its writer a "heaven-taught Master."

Doubtless, God's grace and guidance were the chief elements in the making of Saint Benedict's Rule. But there were also natural elements that contributed to the phenomenal success of this monastic Law Book. In the first place, Saint Benedict came from the foremost ranks of the greatest lawmaking people that ever lived—the Roman people. With the discretion of the Roman jurist he tempered Oriental mysticism with Western practicality. He blended Roman virtue with Christianity, or in other words, nature with grace. He constantly mingled discipline and charity with a prudence productive of peace of mind and joy of heart.

In its main outlines the Rule of Saint Benedict is nothing other than the plan of life whereby Saint Benedict achieved his own great sanctity and his heavenly crown. What a beau-

(Continued on page 110)



TOMB OF ST. BENEDICT IN CRYPT OF BASILICA

Benedictine Life and Ideals

STEPHEN THUIS, O. S. B.

IF we were to go back to the early part of the sixth century and scale the rugged and almost impassable heights of Subiaco, in central Italy, we might be startled by the strange picture of a noble Roman youth, alone and unknown, hidden within the recesses of a mountain cave, wrapt in prayer with his God and Maker. The world was not unknown to him. He had realized its pleasures; he had realized, too, the opportunities that his noble family assured him in the world. But he had also realized the enticing immorality and licentiousness that then prevailed at Rome, the place of his schooling. Not daring to trust himself in the midst of the violent temptations of his passionate youth, he had quitted Rome with all that it held dear to him and had fled into this barren and frightful wilderness, here to await the manifestations of God's will.

This youth is Benedict of Nursia—Saint Benedict, the immortal Patriarch of Western Monasticism. And he it is who is to be the instrument in the hands of Providence for the reconstruction of the world. After 1400 years we may properly look back to Monte Cassino, the final home and resting place of Benedict, and wonder what were the underlying principles and ideals that guided this master Roman mind in the colossal work that was his in the history of the world.

To understand the work of St. Benedict we must cast a hurried glance over the condition of the Europe of his time. As Benedict contemplated the world from his solitary mountain cave upon the heights of Subiaco, and later from the summit of Monte Cassino, he beheld all Europe tottering upon the brink of moral and material chaos. That part of the world called Christian presented a dismal picture of deep corruption of life and manners that almost forced one to wonder if, after all, Christianity could be really a failure. Besides this, numerous hordes of barbarians, as the Visigoths and the Huns and the Vandals, were sweeping through Europe, leaving death and destruction in their wake. The scene is one of unspeakable misery and destitution, perhaps unparalleled in all history. Europe had to be reconquered and reconverted. And St. Benedict was the one chosen by God for this gigantic work of reconstruction.

THE FAMILY

What, then, were the dominant ideas of Benedict in his task of transforming society?

Realizing, amidst all this chaos, that the family is, after all, the social unit, the pillar and foundation of all society, St. Benedict took this idea of the family for the basis of his religious life. Family life is one of the dearest traditions of Benedictine life. Benedict would mold his followers into one ideal Christian family. Hence, he places in charge thereof an abbot, that is, a father—the word “abbot” means nothing else. His idea of a family excluded a superior such as a “General,” a “Guardian” or a “Provincial.” Moreover, the monks were to live in an abbey, that is, their father's house, their home—and not shift from one house to another. To cement the bonds of this family life St. Benedict's monks were to bind themselves by a special vow to one particular home, to one particular abbey; this is called the vow of stability.

Perhaps it were well to remark in passing that the Benedictine takes five vows: the three fundamental vows of the religious life—poverty, chastity, and obedience; the vow of stability, just mentioned; and a fifth, of “*conversio morum*,” the conversion of his manners or habits—that is, by a special vow he binds himself ever to labor for a more complete reformation of his life and a higher degree of virtue.

But to return to Benedictine family life. Besides the idea of an abbot (a father), an abbey (a home), a special vow to strengthen these ties, we find the Rule characterized by a wonderful discretion and moderation adapting the life even to the weaker members of the family. This remarkable moderation, to be applied especially according to the judgment of the “father” of the family, was, no doubt, well-nigh a scandal to St. Benedict's contemporaries with their rigid austerities; and yet we must not forget that this Rule of moderation has raised to the altars of the Church thousands of saints. Of course, there was no question of mitigation as to the life of interior virtue, without which there could be no true life of perfection.

Lastly, there was to be in this family the atmosphere of fraternal love. St. Benedict insists that the brethren love one another with a chaste but genuine love. And, above all, there should be rooted out of the family that pest of discontent—murmuring.

FAMILY PRAYER—LITURGICAL CHOIR WORK

In an ideal family the place of honor is given, and rightly so, to prayer; and that, family

prayer, prayer in common. Hence, naturally, from St. Benedict's idea of the family, evolved that of community prayer, prayer in common, family prayer—the liturgical choir work. His monks were to pray privately, it is true; but he could not content himself with the private recitation of the Divine Office: he would have as the first and foremost work of his family the union of all in prayer, the ensemble singing of God's praises, the performance of that glorious work on earth which is the occupation and joy of the Angels and the elect in heaven. This it is that completes and crowns his idea of the family.

St. Benedict realized full well that the first duty of man towards God is that of adoration. Our busy, material-minded world of to-day is only too prone to forget this. He remembered, too, the words of our Divine Teacher, of Jesus Christ, "Where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18:20). He recalled how the singing of psalms and canticles had been the cherished work of those apostolic religious, the Christians of the catacombs. Hence he made this choir work the first duty of his Order. "Operi Dei nihil praeponatur—To the Work of God let nothing be preferred," so he prescribes. He simply calls it "God's Work—Opus Dei." In consequence of this, true to the ideals of its founder, the Benedictine Order has ever considered the Liturgy, Gregorian Chant, and all that is connected with the solemn ritual of the Church as her most precious and jealously guarded inheritance. This has been the real and first apostolate of the Benedictine. This has been the most eloquent and lasting sermon of the Benedictine Order throughout the long ages of its existence.

BENEDICTINE WORK

Yet we must not forget that the Benedictine motto is "Ora et Labora—Pray and Work." In every well-regulated family, work, too, must have its prominent place. Hence the monks, after having fulfilled that most important duty of theirs, that of liturgical prayer, now were to turn their attention to labor. And in what was the work of the Benedictine to consist? Here we see the beautiful feature of the adaptability of the Rule. Labor was prescribed by the Rule; but the manner of that labor was to be dictated by charity towards God and man. Obedience would decide for the individual monk the

manner and matter of his labors; but Obedience would have for her guide Charity—the love of God and fellow man, according to the needs and circumstances of time and place. Thus we find Benedictines as popes and bishops, as missionaries and agriculturists, as the builders of the magnificent European cathedrals, as artists and musicians, and especially as scholars and teachers. This last, the work of teaching, has always been particularly dear to the heart of the sons of St. Benedict. Thus it was possible that the monks could do almost any kind of work and still enjoy the blessings of their Holy Rule. "In this," as an authority says, "lies one of the secrets of the success of the Rule of St. Benedict."

We may well ask: Was this work begun by that noble, heroic soul on the heights of Subiaco, and later of Monte Cassino, a success? A success! Its success is written in immortal characters upon every page of medieval history. Less than a century after the death of St. Benedict all that barbarism had won from civilization was reconquered; and still the progress of this mighty exponent of the Gospel went on. Western Europe was saved to the Church and to civilization. A new world began under the leadership of the sons of St. Benedict.

THE PRESENT

This family ideal of St. Benedict, let us hope, has not ceased to exert its influence in society. Perhaps never have the sacred ideals of the family had more insidious, though none the less real, dangers to contend with than those of the present age. Indeed, the world still needs the spirit of a Benedict of Monte Cassino. Family life still needs the Christian ideals of that reconstructor.



LATERAL VIEW OF THE ANCIENT ARCHABBEY

Hence, the mission of Benedict in the world must go on through his sons. As of old, they must exemplify before a distraught and perplexed world the ideals of Christian family life. As of old, with their traditional love of "Pax"—"Peace"—and their distaste for controversy, they will continue to settle among the people, build their monasteries, and show—rather than tell—the people how to live. They will remember the poet's words: "Things seen are mightier than things heard." As of old, too, the sons of Benedict will not merely tell the people to pray—they will show them how to pray. Who can doubt that the solemn chanting of God's praises—the "Opus Dei," "God's Work"—at the various times of the livelong day, persevered in day after day, night after night, is a sermon, trumpet-tongued, that penetrates the very lives of the people and forces upon them the realization of the grand truth of God's Church?

One is reminded of the words of that illustrious prelate, Cardinal Mercier, who, in his retreat to the clergy of his diocese, said: "You cannot be unmindful of the great good that is done, both to the believing and to the unbelieving, in France, Belgium, England, and Germany, by the simple demonstration of the majesty of the Catholic ritual as carried out daily by the children of St. Benedict. Apart altogether from the preaching and other functions of their pastoral ministry, the very spectacle of the religious solemnity of their liturgy, the majestic harmony of its whole arrangement, the care bestowed upon its smallest details, the convincing piety of its officiants: those things have all an incalculable attraction for souls, awakening in them now a first efficacious desire to draw nearer to God, or again a fuller and deeper transport of divine love."

The world is clamoring for peace. To secure lasting peace we must have peace in the home, in the family. May God hasten the day when the spirit of Benedict of Monte Cassino, with its ideals of Christian family life, will have permeated every section of society. Then we can hope for peace—for lasting, genuine, satisfying peace—that "Pax" which the Holy Father Saint Benedict has bequeathed as a most precious heritage to all who drink deep of his spirit and ideals.

How well or how ill disposed we are to receive our Lord—both depend upon our own will.

The House of the Three Larches

(Continued from page 130)

When she returned home, she placed it in the little carved box, and laid it once more in the chest. It would have seemed a sacrilege to her, to have worn it; that bond of love between Korsin and her, who—had he lived—would have been his bride.

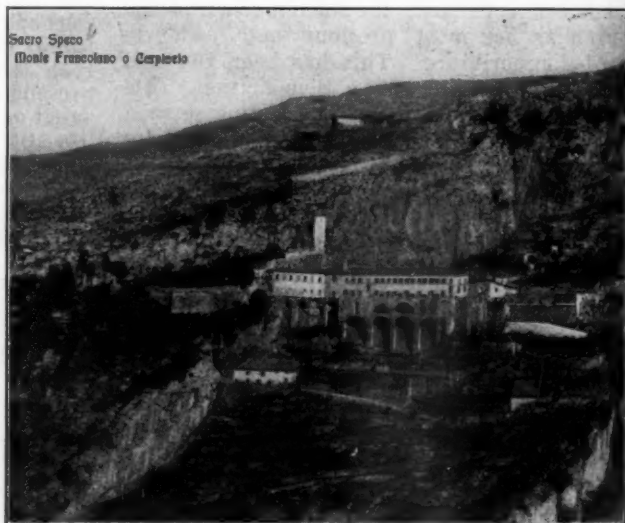
But, when it came her time to die, she begged the woman who waited upon her, to bring her the box. Opening it, she passed the chain through her fingers, kissing the crucifix many times.

"Martha, when I am dead, place this in my coffin; it is the dearest thing I possess."

"I shall do so, dear Fraulein," replied the woman. And when the time arrived, she obeyed Johanna's behest.

When it became known that the Fraulein Johanna was at death's door, people came from all quarters, inquiring and bringing delicacies and flowers. For she had befriended her townspeople in many ways; relieving their necessities, settling their difficulties and soothing their woes; pouring the balm of sympathy into many hearts.

They mourned her with sincere sorrow, who, long before her death, while still living among them, was known throughout the neighborhood as "The Angel of Pfunds."—THE END.



SACRO SPECO

The ancient abbey, like an eagle's nest, perched high up on the rugged mountain side over the holy cave where St. Benedict spent in penance and prayer the three years that immediately preceded his public career.

The Blessed Don John Bosco

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

CHAPTER III

FESTIVE SUNDAYS—FESTIVE ORATORIES

ON the 8th of December, 1841, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, John Bosco was about to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi when suddenly a terrific clamor startled him, shouts and cries and even what sounded like blows. He turned round and saw to his horror and surprise the sacristan belaboring a poor, ragged, little boy. "Good Heavens!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

"He is a nasty little ragamuffin, your Reverence," growled the sacristan, "and he can't even serve your Mass. He's an ignoramus, the ugly little brat."

"Come here, my lad," ordered Don Bosco, and the terrified child obeyed in fear and trembling.

The kind priest patted his head. "So, you cannot serve Holy Mass. Where do you come from and what is your name?"

"I come from Asti," replied the lad, "and my name is Bartholomew Garelli."

"And your parents?"

"They are both dead."

"Your age?"

"Sixteen, your Reverence."

"And you can neither read nor write? But surely you can say your prayers?"

"No sir, I know nothing, I cannot read nor write and I don't know my prayers."

Don Bosco then suggested he should attend the catechism classes, but Barty shook his head.

"I would be ashamed sir," he answered sadly. "I am a big lad, and the young ones would despise me and laugh at my ignorance and stupidity."

"Well! well!" the kind Don Bosco replied. "You will come to me and you will learn from me. Yes, you will, and I will myself teach you every morning and evening, and now let me first show you how to make the sign of the cross."

Thus this beggar boy was the first of the numerous crowd of boys who were to become the spiritual children of Don John Bosco. The great work was born, and like the grain of mustard seed it was to grow and grow until it overshadowed the universe.

During the months and the years following Don Bosco succeeded in gathering together a number of poor boys, and instructing them not

only in religion but in many arts and crafts. He started the Festive Sundays—namely, meetings of lads held sometimes in a schoolhouse, sometimes in a chapel, often in a barn or the open fields. At these reunions he discoursed wisely, he taught lucidly, he got the boys to pray and sing, to play and dance; generally they wound up with the chanting of sacred hymns and often with Benediction.

It was absolutely marvellous how successful he was notwithstanding the many obstacles in his way. His slogan might be said to be "Nothing daunts me"—and nothing did.

Want of funds, want of influential friends, want of helpers, tried him sorely at times, but he never despaired. Mary, help of Christians, always came to his aid, and when he had not a cent to pay the men erecting his church or school, some kind friend invariably came along with spot cash. He made it an invariable rule



DON BOSCO BEGINS HIS LABORS

"I will make thee unto a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name and thou shalt be blessed. Bless, the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless his holy name."—Introit or Entrance Versicle of the Mass.

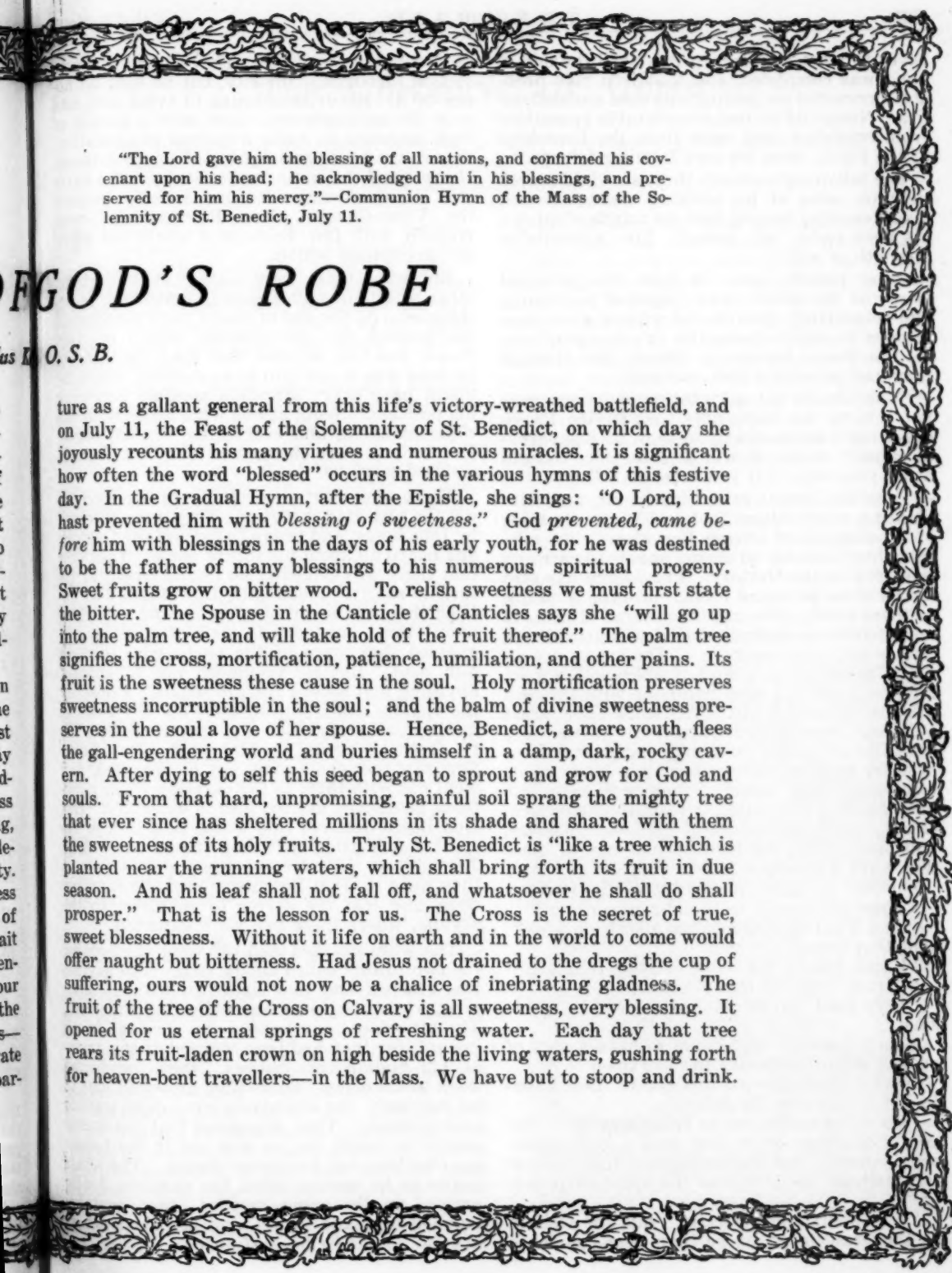
THE HEM OF

Placidus D. O. S.



WHEN St. Paul "returned" to earth after being "caught up to the third heaven," he was tongue-tied as to the indescribable wonders he had witnessed and the ravishing harmonies he had heard. Father Faber, in one of his flights of poetic faith unto the very bosom of the Eternal Father, there to contemplate the life of the Second Person, tells us: "At this hour, somewhere in creation, that Bosom is laid bare to spirits and to souls, so that they can see it as it is. He is showing them the vision of himself, localized somewhere. Radiant fringes of saints and angels are stirring in His light, as if they were the edges of His royal robes, and prostrate multitudes lie like a golden pavement, thrilling with light, around His throne."

Besides this hidden life in the Bosom of the father, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity leads a hidden life also on earth. Here He is the center of the Church's life of liturgical worship. Around her High Priest and King she has thrown an encircling robe of festival days that portray His uncreated beauty and reflect His divine attributes. The mantle's golden clasp holds a peerless pearl of enormous size, a cameo of His flawless Mother. Along the gold-embroidered hem, each in its individual setting, sparkle the multicolored gems of the Saints, each distinct from its aureole-framed neighbor, yet all harmoniously one in their variegated diversity. Each has been mined from the same lowly earth, but in the shaping process each one has corresponded in his peculiar way to the polishing touch of grace. No two Saints are just alike. In each one some personal trait in his virtue-molded character predominates and attracts imitative attention. One such gem, engraved with the name of "St. Benedict," rivets our gaze this month. He, as Holy Mother Church tells us, "was filled with the spirit of all the just." Rightly does she christen him "Benedictus—Blessed." Twice each year she gathers his children about her to venerate his holy memory: on March 21, when she celebrates his glorious depar-



"The Lord gave him the blessing of all nations, and confirmed his covenant upon his head; he acknowledged him in his blessings, and preserved for him his mercy."—Communion Hymn of the Mass of the Solemnity of St. Benedict, July 11.

GOD'S ROBE

us M. O. S. B.

ture as a gallant general from this life's victory-wreathed battlefield, and on July 11, the Feast of the Solemnity of St. Benedict, on which day she joyously recounts his many virtues and numerous miracles. It is significant how often the word "blessed" occurs in the various hymns of this festive day. In the Gradual Hymn, after the Epistle, she sings: "O Lord, thou hast prevented him with *blessing of sweetness*." God *prevented, came before* him with blessings in the days of his early youth, for he was destined to be the father of many blessings to his numerous spiritual progeny. Sweet fruits grow on bitter wood. To relish sweetness we must first state the bitter. The Spouse in the Canticle of Canticles says she "will go up into the palm tree, and will take hold of the fruit thereof." The palm tree signifies the cross, mortification, patience, humiliation, and other pains. Its fruit is the sweetness these cause in the soul. Holy mortification preserves sweetness incorruptible in the soul; and the balm of divine sweetness preserves in the soul a love of her spouse. Hence, Benedict, a mere youth, flees the gall-engendering world and buries himself in a damp, dark, rocky cavern. After dying to self this seed began to sprout and grow for God and souls. From that hard, unpromising, painful soil sprang the mighty tree that ever since has sheltered millions in its shade and shared with them the sweetness of its holy fruits. Truly St. Benedict is "like a tree which is planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off, and whatsoever he shall do shall prosper." That is the lesson for us. The Cross is the secret of true, sweet blessedness. Without it life on earth and in the world to come would offer naught but bitterness. Had Jesus not drained to the dregs the cup of suffering, ours would not now be a chalice of inebriating gladness. The fruit of the tree of the Cross on Calvary is all sweetness, every blessing. It opened for us eternal springs of refreshing water. Each day that tree rears its fruit-laden crown on high beside the living waters, gushing forth for heaven-bent travellers—in the Mass. We have but to stoop and drink.

never to start new enterprises until the one in hand was completed, and that iron rule probably prevented his getting into debt and difficulties. Naturally he met considerable opposition from outsiders, and even from the household of the Faith, from his own familiar friends.

The following anecdote throws a vivid search light on some of his striking characteristics, his astounding insight into the minds of others, his keen sense of humor, his indomitable strength of will.

Other priests, some of them the principal clergy of the diocese, went together to see him, and respectfully pointed out what a great deal of good he might accomplish in other positions. As Don Bosco listened in silence, they thought they had persuaded him and said:

"You should not act obstinately: one cannot achieve the impossible, and Divine Providence itself seems clearly to show its disapproval of your work. It will be a sacrifice to send away your boys, but you must do it."

Then Don Bosco raised his hands, and with almost a supernatural look in his eyes he said:

"You speak of Divine Providence, but mistakenly; I am by no means unable to carry on the work of the Oratory. Providence has sent me all these boys and I shall not even send one of them away; you may be assured of that. I am perfectly certain that God will provide me with what is necessary . . . The means are already prepared . . . And if they will not let me hire a place, I shall build one with the help of Our Blessed Lady. We shall have great buildings, capable of holding boys, all the boys who like to come; we shall have workshops of every kind, so that the boys may learn whatever trade they choose; there will be a fine playground and portico, a magnificent church, clerics, assistants, heads of trades, masters, and priests who will have special care of those who have a vocation."

One can imagine the effect upon the visitors.

"Then you intend to found a new order?"

"And what if I should have such an idea?" said Don Bosco.

"What will be the habit of your religious?"

"Virtue," replied Don Bosco.

"Very good, but something else will be necessary."

"Then I should wish them to have a sort of overall with sleeves like the workmen."

A loud laugh greeted this reply. Don Bosco joined in it; then he asked:

"Does that strike you as being strange? But you must surely know that such a garb represents poverty, and that a religious order cannot last without being true to the spirit of poverty."

"We understand perfectly," said the visitors as they rose to go, more than ever convinced

of Don Bosco's madness. They spread this conviction throughout the city, but he took no notice of it. His friends began to avoid him, and soon the archiepiscopal curia sent a person of high standing to make a serious examination, to save the honor and dignity of the priesthood. He received the same impression, yet the curia still remained undecided, particularly because the Vicar-General, Don Ravina, was very friendly with Don Bosco and would not allow any precipitate action.

But what these were loathe to undertake, other priests of high standing undertook to accomplish. At the end of one of their theological conferences the conversation turned on Don Bosco, and they decided that the only thing to be done was to get him to an asylum, where he might have every attention possible becoming his position. Negotiations were made with the superintendent, and everything was arranged. Two priests were charged to take him there in a closed carriage.

These two went accordingly to Valdocco to put the plan into execution. They were received by Don Bosco, and began to discuss the Oratory and heard all about his future plans. They saw that there was evidently no improvement or return to sanity. Meanwhile Don Bosco had noticed their exchange of glances, and reflecting upon this unexpected visit of courtesy, he guessed they were of the party who thought him mad. But he pretended not to suspect anything and waited for the sequel. Presently the visitors asked him to come out for a drive, as they had a carriage, and they thought a little fresh air would do him good. Don Bosco now saw the whole plan, but he accepted, and went out with them to the carriage. The courteous gentlemen desired him to enter first. But Don Bosco declared this would be a lack of respect and insisted that they should enter first. They did so, quite unsuspecting, and as soon as they were in, Don Bosco slammed the carriage door, and told the driver to go direct to the asylum, where these two were expected.

The whip cracked and off went the horses; the two priests called out in vain. The asylum was reached and they drove in without stopping, while the porter hurriedly shut the gates. The attendants surrounded the carriage in an instant, for they had been warned of the arrival, but finding two visitors, they conducted them to the office. There they protested, but to no purpose; the attendants were quite used to such protests. They demanded that the doctor should be called, but he was not in the house; the chaplain, but he was at dinner. The affair began to be serious when the chaplain finally arrived on the scene, verified the mistake, laughed long and loudly, and had them set at liberty. *(To be continued)*

The Chronicle of Christ

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace.—Rom. 10:15.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER, I felt as proud as a peacock this morning," said Ed Allen upon meeting Father Gilbert who was out for a walk.

"I see that you are going my way," the priest rejoined. "If you can keep up with an old man you may accompany me. Now as to that pride of yours, don't you know that pride is one of the capital sins?"

"Ah, Father," Allen remarked in a teasing tone, "some species of pride are justifiable."

"What heresy are you defending?" the pastor chided curtly.

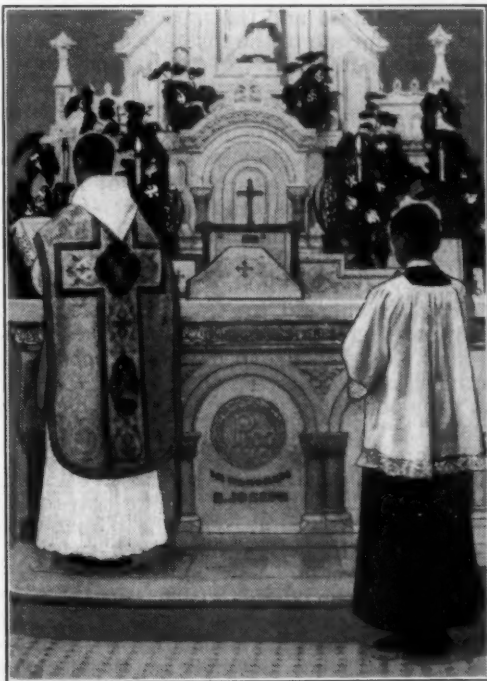
"Well, Father, lest I incur the full charge of your ire," the young man responded in self-defense, "I prefer to explain myself forthwith. You know when Reginald, or rather, I should say, the Reverend Reginald Key, sang the Gospel at Mass I recalled our school days. I remembered what close pals we used to be. I claim a share of his honor because I always endeavored to encourage when others sneered at him."

"Then your pride is not pride at all," Father Gilbert assented quietly. "The reading of the Holy Gospel is an honor indeed, especially at Holy Mass. Next to the Body and Blood of our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament and to the grace of the Holy Ghost the Church esteems nothing so sublime and so holy as the Word of God in the Holy Gospel. To the Gospel are paid honors of a divine service as you see from the fact that when the Gospel is solemnly chanted it is enveloped with the splendor of light and the fragrance of incense. The Gospel book containing the words of Christ has ever been treated with the utmost reverence. It was generally beautifully written, sumptuously bound, and handled with a respect as though it were the person of Christ Himself. On great feasts it was customary to leave it on the altar throughout the whole day. Monks and clerics used to carry it in triumph in their processions and to incense it during the whole proceeding. It was the book which the Legate or Bishop kissed on entering a cathedral or monastery. St. Cyril of Alexandria tells that at the third General Council in 431 at Ephesus the Gospel book was placed on a special throne to show that Christ was the appointed Master and Head of those sessions. The same custom was observed at the Vatican Council of 1870. The Church orders that the oaths be taken on this book. The Christians of the first ages followed the holy

practice of carrying it on their person, be it that it rested on their breast or that it was fastened to a cord tied around their neck. The Greeks bury the Gospel along with their priests. Of all the liturgical books it is the only one which is kissed, incensed, and signed with the sign of the cross. Amongst all the Scripture readings the Gospel has invariably the place of honor, being always last. The Gospel forms the most solemn part of the climax of the Mass of the catechumens."

"What nice things you have to say about the Gospel," Allen said in wonderment. "But why is it called Gospel?"

"The term 'Gospel' is of Anglo-Saxon origin," Father Gilbert affirmed. "It is made up of 'god' (good) and 'spell' (story, tale) and has the same meaning as the Greek term 'Euangelion,' which in Latin is *Evangelium*, and signifies, therefore, 'good news, glad tidings.' When the angel proclaimed the coming of the Christ at Bethlehem he said to the shepherds:



READING THE CHRONICLE OF CHRIST

'I announce to you *good tidings* of great joy which shall be to all the people.' In this sense Christ applied to Himself the saying of Isaias, the Prophet: 'He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor.' When the spoken word was supplemented by the written word this written word of Christ was read after the prophets and the apostles. These latter were but heralds whilst Christ is the Master."

"There are four Gospels, are there not, Father?" the young man hinted with a show of knowledge.

"There are four evangelists but only one Gospel," Father Gilbert corrected. "The four writers supply one another; the four together give us a more or less full (though not by far an exhaustive) account of Christ's life and teaching."

"Is everything in the Gospel read in the Mass?" Allen queried with sustained show of interest.

"At first," Father Gilbert resumed, "it was customary at the Mass to take the Gospel right through, irrespective of the feast or the time of the year. When a sufficient portion had been read, the Bishop or presiding officer gave the signal to the reader to stop. At the next assembly the matter was taken up where it had been left off. Such is still the custom amongst the Greeks. It was under Pope Damasus (d. 384) that the liturgical service was to a greater extent organized and that special Gospel selections appropriate to the mystery of the current feast and to the spirit of the season were set apart."

As the two were turning the next corner Harry Korum almost collided with them. "Beg your pardon, Father. Excuse me, Ed," he apologized whilst giving each a half of his smile. Allen was chuckling to himself.

"Why laugh at the poor lad?" the priest reproached mildly.

"Father, I was thinking of something else," his companion said by way of justification. "Our meeting brought back the scene of last Sunday when he dropped the big missal and sprawled all over it. By the way, Father, why can't the book stay just in one place during the Mass?"

"It can, so far as the possibility goes," Father Gilbert asserted with emphasis. "In olden times it would have been in the way on the right side of the altar. At the offertory the people brought their gifts which required a great deal of room. Now, however, the reason for removing the book is rather mystic or symbolic. The warm and sunny South with its luxuriant vegetation was considered a symbol of the realm of grace and light so the dark and frigid North was looked upon as a type of the region of evil. 'In the cold North the prince

of darkness has set up his throne,' says the Prophet Isaias. Therefore it was to be the task of the Gospel to penetrate the 'North' of cold materialism and infidelity and thus renew the face of the earth. However, this symbolism will have its full meaning only if our churches are built according to the old custom so that the altar faces the West. Then the priest will always look to the North when he reads the Gospel. Besides, the removal of the book reminds us of the rejection of the Gospel on the part of the Jews and of its reception by the gentiles."

For some time the two walked on commenting upon one thing and then another. "By the way," Allen broke forth, "we boys used to wonder why the priest bent over before he proceeded to the Gospel. We sometimes explained this practice as his way of waiting for us to get the book around."

"You boys must have had queer thoughts at times," the priest commented.

"Well, Father, boys will be boys," Allen acknowledged.

"Indeed they will. But to answer your question, if you will consult your missal later on, you will find that whilst bending low the celebrant says: 'Cleanse my heart and my lips, O almighty God, who didst cleanse with a burning coal the lips of the Prophet Isaias; and vouchsafe in Thy loving kindness so to purify me that I may worthily proclaim Thy holy Gospel. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

"It is truly a beautiful prayer," Allen admitted, "but some terms seem obscure and queer."

"That's because you don't understand," Father Gilbert corrected. "The reader of the Gospel requires preparation. Now, in this preparatory prayer, he alludes to one of the most impressive scenes or visions of the prophecy of Isaias. He tells us: 'In the year that King Ozias died (about 758 B. C.) I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and elevated: and His train filled the temple. Upon it stood the seraphims: the one had six wings and the other had six wings: with two they covered His face and with the other two they covered His feet and with two they flew. And they cried one to another and said: 'Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of His glory.' And the lintels of the doors moved at the voice of him that cried and the house was filled with smoke. And I said: 'Woe is me, because I have held my peace; because I am a man of unclean lips and I have seen with my eyes the King of the Lord of hosts. And one of the seraphim flew to me and in his hand was a live coal which he had taken with the tongs off the altar. And he touched my mouth and said: 'Behold this hath touched thy lips and thy iniquities shall be taken away and thy sin

shall be cleansed." And I heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Whom shall I send? And who shall go for us?" And I said: "Lo, here I am, send me." Then the priest finishes his preparatory prayer by saying: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless me,' as much as to say, 'send me.' Then he pronounces his own blessing: "The Lord be in my heart and on my lips that I may worthily and becomingly announce His Gospel. Amen."

"Really, Father," said Allen beaming approvingly with satisfaction, "how beautiful and interesting this prayer and blessing become in the light of the Old Testament scene."

"Yes, but let me call your attention to the blessing, how precise and well-worded it is. God is invoked to help the reader to announce the Gospel worthily, that is, to fulfill his task with a purified heart, and secondly to assist him to pronounce these sacred words becomingly, that is, to employ his lips as though the Lord dwelt on them."

At this moment Allen seized Father Gilbert by the arm and pulled him back by sheer force. "Father," he gasped, "didn't you see that daredevil of a speeder come?"

When they had both somewhat recovered from the shock, the young man urged further: "Father, go on please."

"Do you mean to walk?" the priest stammered.

"Both to walk and to explain the rest of the Gospel," was Allen's insistent reply.

"All right then. The priest next approaches the book and the people rise."

"Yes! yes! That's what I want to know. Why do we rise?"

"There are a number of reasons. The chief one of course is based on the reverence for the contents of the Gospel which is made up for the most part of Christ's own words, and to which all honor and reverence are due. In the Old Testament we are told that Esdras read the Law to the people. During the reading both he and the people stood. St. Benedict prescribes that when the Gospel is read in the Divine Office by the Abbot, who has this duty, all should stand out of reverence. At Mass during the chanting of the Gospel monks, priests, and even bishops uncover their heads. In olden times it was customary for the people to lay aside the crutchlike sticks, or staves upon which they leaned to avoid fatigue during the long services—they had no pews. The Oriental bishops took off their pallium (the stolelike insignia of their dignity), whilst the emperors and the kings of France, together with their queens, laid aside their crowns and diadems. Secondly, we stand to show our readiness to execute the injunctions of the Gospel. As soldiers of Christ we manifest our eagerness to follow His divine

leadership. The Polish princes were wont to draw and brandish their swords in order to testify their devotion to the cause of the Gospel. Thirdly, the practice of standing at the Gospel of Christ reminds the faithful that through the Gospel of Christ man is raised from sin to newness of life."

"Father," pleaded Allen, "now that we have left the bustle of the busy city behind us, let us sit down here in the shade and continue our interesting discussion."

"Since you are so taken with the matter," smiled Father Gilbert approvingly, "I shall be glad to go on. The priest now says 'Dominus vobiscum?'"

"Et cum spiritu tuo," Allen chimed in jubilantly.

"Now don't be so hasty," Father Gilbert protested. "Let me proceed. The priest's next words are: '*Sequentia* (the continuation) or sometimes *Initium* (the beginning) sancti Evangelii (of the holy Gospel) secundum Matthaeum (according to Matthew),' or one of the other three Evangelists. Pronouncing these words, he makes with his thumb the sign of the cross on the missal to signify that the Gospel which he is about to read is the word of Christ crucified, who died for us on the cross, or that it is the book of the Crucified One."

"But, Father," Allen interposed, "what about the 'Gloria Tibi Domine'—'Glory be Thee, O Lord'?"

"There you go again."

"It is hard," replied Allen looking down sheepishly, "to hold back the little a fellow thinks he knows. But proceed, Father."

"Now, at the 'Gloria Tibi Domine,'" Father Gilbert went on, "the priest's thumb goes to his forehead, then to his lips, and lastly to his breast. At each point of contact the sign of the cross is traced. The people, as you know, generally follow this ceremony. Making this threefold sign of the cross, we ask God for the graces to know His teaching with our minds, to profess it with our lips, to love and follow it with our hearts. At the same time it is our intention to prove that we hold this faith in our mind, confess it with our lips, and cherish it in our heart. The sign of the cross is not a blessing on the text but it merely shows the relation between the Gospel and the cross."

At this juncture they were distracted by the peculiar "honk" of an approaching car.

"That must be a new Ford—1930 model," suggested Allen with a laugh.

"Sh—sh! Don't become personal," Father Gilbert jested. "Let us get away from the ridiculous again. To finish the Gospel the priest kisses the beginning of the text saying: 'May our sins be blotted out by the words of the Gos-

pel.' Note again the reverence for the word of God. The celebrant wants to signify that everything that emanates from such a hallowed source is sweet and venerable. If the Gospel is taken into our heart and preserved therein with all the esteem and submission, love and joy which the kissing of the sacred text denotes, then the Gospel will blot out our sins. For if these dispositions of soul are awakened through the Gospel, the grace of remission of sin is obtained. Possibly you think that I am forgetting something a second time. What does the server say after the Gospel?"

"Deo gratias!—Thanks to God!"

"Si tacuisses—had you remained silent!" the ancients would say. Then you might have passed for a wise man."

"I recant, Father!" Allen almost yelled with a deep blush on his face. "It's 'Laus Tibi Christe'—'Praise be to Thee, O Christ!' More than once have I made this mistake during my serving days. Pardon my blunder, Father."

"Your blunder, a blunder though it is, is pardonable. Formerly in some churches 'Deo gratias' was the proper response; in other places: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord'; others again said: 'Amen.' St. Benedict prescribes that 'Amen' be said at the end of the Gospel, when it is read in the office at Matins. In all cases, however, the answer is intended to be an expression of devotion for Christ, inspired by the reading of His word."

As Father Gilbert thus concluded, along came Harry Key in his new car—whose name is legion. Of course he offered to pick up the pastor and his companion.

"Father," began Allen, after they had taken the back seat, "this reminds me of Reverend Reginald again. We got away from the topic. Must one actually be a deacon to be permitted to sing the Gospel at a solemn Mass?"

"Well," said Father Gilbert thoughtfully, "originally the simple lectors (ordained readers) read the Gospel as well as the other books of the Bible. From the fourth or fifth century on, the deacon has been the official reader or chanter of the Gospel. At the ordination of a deacon the ritual puts these words into the mouth of the Bishop: 'It behooves the deacon to preach.' This has a broad meaning, for it includes the office of instructing or that of explaining the Gospel text and also of the solemn and ceremonial singing of the same sacred text. Hence the Bishop hands the book of the Gospel to the deacon and authorizes him to sing the gospels at the Masses for the living and the dead. In the Middle Ages the emperor vested in dalmatics, or at least in rochet (a kind of surplice) and stole, sang the Gospel of the Christmas midnight Mass which begins with the words: 'And it came to pass that in those

days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled.' Thus we read of Emperor Charles IV who sang the Gospel at Basel, Mainz, and at Cambrai, whilst we are told of Emperor Sigismund having done the same at Constance and at Rome in 1433. When the emperor sang the sacred text, he drew his sword and brandished it three times to signify his readiness to fight in defense of the Gospel."

"But," Allen interrupted, "the ceremonies are so different at a solemn Mass."

"Yes, as the name indicates, there is a greater solemnity. The deacon first receives the book from the master of ceremonies and places it on the altar, whence he resumes it again. This indicates that the Gospel contains the doctrine of Christ, and since Christ is typified by the altar, His teaching is gotten from the altar. Then, holding the book, he kneels before the celebrant and asks his blessing. But previously the deacon has prayed to the Lord for a purification of his heart and lips as the priest had done before. Then the procession forms: acolytes lead; next come the thurifer with fire in the thurible or censer, subdeacon, and deacon with book of Gospels. At one time the cross headed the procession."

"You forgot the candles, Father," Allen corrected, "but after all why the candles? It's not dark in the church."

"The candles are a sign of joy," Father Gilbert went on to explain. "They represent the light of the world contained in the Holy Gospel. The deacon sings: 'Dominus vobiscum,' etc. Before pronouncing the sacred text, he incenses the book. At the end of the Gospel the subdeacon, not the deacon, carries the book to the celebrant who kisses the sacred text. Formerly this mark of homage was paid to the book by both clergy and laity. The members of the clergy kissed the open book while the laity kissed the volume after it was closed. Whilst the *Credo* was being sung, the subdeacon accompanied by the thurifer carried the book to each one in turn. Under Honorius III (1216-1227) this custom was abolished. The book remains on the credence table during the rest of the Mass. At one time it was customary to keep the book on the altar during the whole of the Mass, a practice still observed by the Dominicans."

"What respect for the Gospel!" exclaimed Allen in admiration.

"Yes, and yet we are accused of not esteeming the Bible sufficiently," Father Gilbert remarked sadly. "Let me recount to you an anecdote showing how God at times rewards this respect. Abbot William of Roeskilde died in 1203. A lame woman made a pilgrimage to his tomb and sat there imploring most earnestly

the cure of an ailment. It was on the vigil of Pentecost. When the deacon sang the Gospel, she perceived a voice saying to her: 'Woman arise, for it is not proper for a Christian to sit during the Gospel, but rather to stand and to listen in reverence.' Immediately she felt new life in her withered limbs and even before the conclusion of the Gospel she walked thrice with a firm step around the tomb of the holy confessor."

"Why, a real Gospel cure! isn't it, Father?" Allen commented jubilantly. "It just occurs to me that during my stay at St. Alban's I heard the ringing of the tower bell during the Gospel of the High Mass."

"Yes, in many Catholic localities this Gospel bell is still rung. It is a remnant of an ancient custom to remind the faithful that the Mass of the catechumens is soon to end and that the Mass of the faithful is shortly to begin."

"Where did the Mass of the catechumens really end?"

"After the sermon which followed the Gospel. Then the deacon dismissed the catechumens by calling out: 'Let the catechumens depart in peace.'"

"That makes me think of Jim Dawson's usual expression: 'I am goin' to the preachin' to-night.'"

Father Gilbert replied with a smile: "Yes, Protestants make so much of preaching that it might be falsely thought that our sermons are a modern addition to the Mass. On the contrary, the homily after the lessons is one of the oldest elements of the liturgy. In the early centuries the bishop himself invariably addressed the assembly in a familiar discourse. Just think of the many homilies (simple explanations of the Scriptures read) of all the Church Fathers and of those frequent allusions to the Gospel 'just read.'"

"By the way, Father, what did you say recently about the preachers of the Gospel having beautiful feet? How is a fellow going to tell, when their pedal extremities are encased in patent leathers?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the priest heartily. "That's one on you, Ed. Somebody was nodding during the sermon. The words you refer to are from St. Paul, who, in turn, quoted them from the Prophet Isaiah. The Gospel is the Word of God, a message of true peace, a beautiful message indeed. In the early days of Christianity those who went forth to announce this beautiful message, the message of salvation and peace, usually went 'per pedes Apostolorum,' or on foot. Therefore, by a figure of speech, the feet that carried the messengers of God on their journeyings are mentioned instead of the messengers themselves. The Gospel was likened to a brilliant light that dispelled

the darkness of sin and ignorance. The quality of the message was applied to the messenger. Hence, how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."

"Bang! bang!"

"Hail Columbia!" ejaculated the chauffeur. "Why does that fellow back right into my path? Luckily I was not speeding."

"Anybody hurt?" inquired Father Gilbert. "It seems not. Thank the stars!" muttered the man at the wheel.

"Thank Providence! I say," corrected Father Gilbert. "Well, on the strength of our good fortune let me tell you an edifying incident from the time of the cruel persecutions."

"By all means, Father," urged Allen. "Don't you see the chauffeur prick his ears?"

All laughed heartily.

"It is this," Father Gilbert pursued. "St. Marinus served in the Roman legions under Emperor Gallienus (218-268). The saint was to be promoted for his faithful service. But a rival arose and denounced him as a Christian. Marinus received three days of grace to make his decision. He met the pious bishop of Cæsarea. On passing a church they entered. The bishop led the warrior to the altar. There was the Gospel book. Pointing to the brilliant armor of the soldier and then to the book, the bishop remarked: 'Make your choice between the two. The soldier decided in favor of the Gospel and pressed the book with great reverence to his bosom. After the lapse of three days he returned to the judge, received his sentence, and was beheaded the very same hour.'"

"Bravo!" cried Allen.

"St. Joseph's Church!" announced the chauffeur.

"Don't you see the sign which says that all cars stop here?" emphasized Father Gilbert.

"Very well, Father," the chauffeur assented. "Though that sign was not made for a boat like this, yet I am willing to obey orders since they come from you."

As Father Gilbert alighted a roguish smile played about his lips. "To-morrow I shall send you a check, for I know that at present you will turn down my offer to pay my fare."

"Don't you do it," came back as a quick reply, "for that check will never be cashed."

"You knave!" Father Gilbert called after the fellow as the car speeded away.

"St. Benedict the Beloved of God," a brief sketch of the life and the miracles of St. Benedict; the medal of St. Benedict with indulgences explained; prayers to St. Benedict. 15¢ postpaid. THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 10—DEATH—RECONCILIATION

THE door opened and the Abbot entered; Korsin still sat by the window.

"Did you hear the horsemen coming, Korsin?" he inquired.

"No, Father Abbot," was the reply. "They must have entered the other gate. Who were they?"

"They are six young men from Laret, who have come to learn the names of those who died on the field. You were supposed to be among them. The dead are already buried; the Kaiser's men at one end of the cemetery, the Gottesbundners at the other. There are four men from Samnaun lying together."

"Alas!" cried Korsin, "if they might only lie in their own valley."

"It would be impossible to take them there," said the Abbot. "You know it is the custom to bury those who die on the battlefield, near the spot where they have fallen. It makes of the scene of conflict, a memorable and holy place; where prayers will always be offered, when even the names of the dead are forgotten."

"Yes, I know," sighed Korsin. "And they thought in Laret that I was dead? Who are the men, Father Abbot?"

"Six sturdy young fellows, but only boys," was the reply.

"Do they know that I am here?" inquired Korsin.

"Yes, I have told them."

"May they come in? I would like to see them."

"Certainly, I will summon them," replied the Abbot.

In a few moments they came; four youths from Laret, two from Pfunds; Gottesbundners all. When they appeared, Korsin endeavored to rise to greet them, but he was obliged to sink back in his chair. Recognizing the men from Laret, he realized that they had been exempt from service. Two, who were the only support of aged and decrepit parents, and two from defective vision. Of the men from Pfunds, he knew nothing.

"In Laret, you are supposed to be among the dead, Korsin," said the son of a retired schoolmaster of the village; now crippled and blind.

"Take me home, boys," cried Korsin. "I must go home."

"Not yet," interposed the Abbot, "not until you are better, Korsin, you are not able to travel."

"Yes, yes," answered Korsin, "I must go. If I die—and I feel, Father Abbot, that my life is near the end—let me die at home, under my father's roof, in the arms of my mother. Oh, Father Abbot, let me go."

"Can it be done?" inquired the Abbot, turning to the young men. They thought it could, easily.

"We can travel slowly," said Peter Blasius, the schoolmaster's son. "If Korsin is able to sit up, he can ride on a pillion behind one of us, each taking turn."

The Abbot shook his head. "No, no," he said, "that would be too hard, he could not do it; but if you are willing to carry him on a stretcher, taking turns, till the worst part of the mountains are traversed, you may be able to do it."

The young men all declared it would be an easy task.

Still very doubtful, the Abbot endeavored to persuade Korsin to wait a few days longer, but in vain.

"Good Father Abbot," he pleaded, "these men are all from Laret; sinewy and strong, they are my friends, my brothers. They will take great care of me. God alone knows when anyone from Laret will come here again; and it will be weeks perhaps, before I could travel alone. In the meantime, I fear I should die of homesickness. Good Father Abbot, let me go."

The Abbot did not endeavor any longer to dissuade him from his purpose. It was finally decided to prepare a stretcher upon which Korsin could be placed. Four men carried it; the other two preceding them on horseback, leading the remaining horses. From time to time they relieved each other.

At midday they rested for an hour, and when night came, stretched themselves upon the ground beside the impromptu bed upon which Korsin lay.

All went well, until they came within a few miles of Pfunds. Then Korsin declared himself able to ride behind one of his companions, through the town at least, on their way to Laret. He really felt better, and his pride rebelled at the thought of being carried helpless through the town where he had received such ignominious treatment from its citizens, and had been betrayed by her whom he loved.

But the horse, young, fiery and unaccustomed to bear a double burden, began to kick and rear, when Korsin was placed upon its back; until furious and frightened, it leaped from the road to a broad shelf on the mountainside. Seemingly aware of the catastrophe it had caused, the beast stood still, making no further trouble.

When his companions succeeded in lifting Korsin again to the road, they found that his wound had reopened, and a deep gash in his forehead, showed that he had fallen with great force upon the rocky causeway. Conferring with each other, they decided it would be impossible to go any farther, and resolved to carry him to the Inn.

His pale cheeks were covered with blood, his eyes were closed; he seemed more dead than alive. Once more placing him upon the stretcher, they carried him to the Inn of the Eagle.

Johanna, clothed in black—for her father had been killed in the great battle—was standing at the head of the steps as they approached. "Whom are they bringing here?" she asked of a servant. "A dead man?"

He ran forward to inquire, returning in a moment with a frightened countenance.

"It is Korsin von Laret, Fraulein," he said. "He is all covered with blood."

"Korsin von Laret!" murmured Johanna, scarcely able to utter the words—she had thought him dead on the field of battle.

Hastily summoning help, she had a room prepared for the dying man. There, with the assistance of Teresa, she tended him during the few remaining hours of his life. He never quite recovered consciousness, but lay very still until a few moments before the end. Then he began to murmur:

"Mother — Philomena — Rosa." Johanna shrank behind the curtain, her hands clasped in agony.

Suddenly, in quite an audible voice, full of scorn and contempt, he exclaimed.

"Ah! Johanna!" He had not recognized her, he could not see her, could not have been aware of her presence. It was the memory of her, and of what she had done, had caused that outbreak of indignation.

Raising herself from the stool where she had been sitting, she went to her room, took a blessed candle from the cupboard, lit it and gave it to Teresa, who placed it in his left hand; holding it firmly there with her own.

Both women now became aware that his senses had returned, for he endeavored to make the sign of the cross; then his lips moved, as he murmured faintly: "Mother, mother — Rosa — the silver chain."

Johanna whispered something in Teresa's ear. The old woman leaned over him and

asked: "Korsin, do you wish that the silver chain be given to Rosa?"

"Yes, yes," he answered feebly, "The silver chain, Rosa — Rosa." And all was over.

Under her roof, whom, in one short turbulent year, he had loved, trusted, denounced, and condemned. When he would rather have died on the roadside than to have put his feet beneath the shadow of the Eagle he had hated and defied; Korsin von Laret had breathed his last. It was one of the ironies of that fate which follows poor humanity from the cradle to the grave.

Sorrowing friends bore him to Laret, where they laid him beside his father.

* * * * *

The Inn of the Eagle soon passed into other hands. Kaspar von Maltitz himself came from Raunders to make the necessary arrangements. He was kind to Johanna; even offering her money to compensate her for the inconvenience she might suffer from the change to another home.

She declined to receive it; her father had not been a poor man. With Teresa she established herself in a small house which had belonged to him.

Shortly after the burial of Korsin, a letter came to her from Pauline, asking for the particulars of his last hours.

Johanna replied that it would be difficult to put them on paper; promising to go down to Laret, as soon as it was possible to do so.

Pauline, who could not help feeling resentment against her, would rather have had a letter, than a visit in person, but was obliged to content herself with things as they were.

One morning in August Pauline sat spinning at the door of the house place. She saw the figure of a woman approaching and rose to meet her. It was Johanna, who, accompanied by Franz—a former old servant—had journeyed down to Laret to fulfill her promise; as well as to perform a duty, which would give her heart no peace until it was done. Pauline endeavored to be as hospitable as possible, but could not conceal her real feelings.

"Good morning, Fraulein Johanna," she said, in a strained voice, as she extended her hand. "Will you not come in and sit down?"

Johanna observed her demeanor, for which she could not blame her, but not appearing to notice it, she replied.

"Right willingly, Frau von Laret, it is a rough journey on donkeyback, from Pfunds to Laret. I have left old Franz with the beast near the meadow."

The widow moved the spinning wheel aside, and placed a chair. Johanna sat down.

"Frau von Laret," she said. "Come sit on the bench near me, and I will tell you all."

Then she related the sorrowful story as she knew it, from the day she first met Korsin at the Inn of the Eagle, until that on which she had taken her last silent farewell of him, as they bore him in his coffin to Laret. When she had finished, the widow said.

"I thank you from my soul for having told me everything. My heart has cherished some bitter feelings against you; more bitter, Fraulein Johanna, than any Christian should hold against another. From this time forward, it will be different with me." Wiping the tears from her face, she continued: "What you did, was performed in a spirit of love and devotion; but that love and devotion, was strangely and wrongly directed. Nothing in this world should be purchased at the price of truth and honesty. You had known Korsin von Laret but a short year; I knew him from his birth, and the blood that flowed in his veins. Sooner would he—would I—wear out life in a darksome dungeon, than purchase liberty at such a price. My words may seem cruel, but they are just words and true. I shall not reproach you further; you may have a long life to live, and the memory of all that has happened, will be for you, an all sufficient reproach."

Putting her arm about Johanna's shoulder, she drew the weeping girl to her breast, and they wept together long and bitterly. After a time Johanna said:

"Dear Frau von Laret, promise me that you will never disclose either to Philomena or Rosa, what I have told you to-day. I am but human; I wish to preserve the respect of those two, who, with yourself, now seem to me nearer than anyone else in the world."

"I promise," said the widow solemnly. "My word has never been broken."

"I have a few words to say to Rosa," said Johanna, "and something to give her—as you already know—will you come there with me? And Philomena—where is she?"

"With Rosa, at her home," the widow replied. "Let us go."

Arm in arm, they crossed the meadow. Philomena and Rosa, seated on the doorstep of the cottage, were surprised at their friendly attitude. Both rose as the two came nearer; greeting Johanna somewhat shyly, but with great kindness.

The four seated themselves on a bench outside the door; taking a small carved box from her pocket, Johanna opened it, drawing forth a silver chain, which she placed in Rosa's hand. She had schooled herself to this interview; her voice was calm and even, as she said:

"Rosa, when Korsin was dying, he left in my keeping, this silver chain to be given to you. His last words were, Rosa, Rosa. He died

breathing your name. Take this token, and wear it dear Rosa, in memory of him."

As she spoke, she saw the sad face of the young girl become illuminated with a light of happiness she had never seen there before; a light that was to linger there for the rest of her life. While she watched the pale cheeks flush, her own heart was pierced with a sharp pang, as she recalled the bitter—"Ah! Johanna!"—which had fallen from the dying lips of Korsin. Words she was never to forget.

They went together to the cemetery, where they knelt and prayed fervently at Korsin's grave. They rose at last, and passing the wooden crosses, erected to the memory of old Pistor, Mathias, the smith, and Denot, the father of Rosa. As they left the cemetery, Johanna, walking with the widow behind the two others, whispered in her ear.

"Dear mother of Korsin, for a long time until to-day, I have known neither rest or peace; but as we knelt together beside him, my soul seemed flooded with a sweet resignation and content; it seemed to me that I could almost hear the flutter of angel's wings."

At the gate, where Franz was waiting, they parted almost in silence, but with clasped hands; then mounting the pillion behind the old man, never once looking back, Johanna returned to Pfunds.

After this the four women became close friends; the tie that bound them together, growing stronger with years. Johanna often visited Laret, passing several days at a time with her friends, but the other three never went to Pfunds.

Pauline was the first to go. After her death, Rosa went to live with Philomena, at the house of the three Larches; Max, having for some time been a student at Kloster Marienberg.

Philomena went next, and Rosa remained alone until the return of Max, an ordained priest, as Pastor of Laret.

By the will of the widow, the von Laret property was ordered sold, and the proceeds divided between Kloster Marienberg, and the Convent of Münster, once more occupied by the nuns.

Rosa went to live with her brother. The old house was closed; it was never again occupied.

When Rosa, stricken by an illness beyond the hope of recovery, began to prepare herself for death, she sent for Johanna, who came to her at once. Removing the silver chain which she had worn about her neck since the day Johanna had given it to her, she begged her either to wear it or sell it and give the proceeds to the poor.

"I will take great care of it, Rosa," Johanna replied, receiving it in a cold and trembling hand.

(Concluded on page 118)

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

How old should a baby be before it is baptized?—Erie, Colo.

A baby should be baptized as soon after birth as possible. There is always danger in delay and parents do wrong and take great risks in postponing the matter in the least.

What is the real meaning of the word "Carnival" and why is the Church so opposed to carnivals?—Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The word "Carnival" is derived from the Latin language and means "the farewell to meat." Formerly Holy Mother Church was much more strict in her laws concerning the observance of the Lenten season. Meat was altogether forbidden. It was the custom at one time in Italian cities, and many other places, to desecrate the three days before Ash Wednesday with every manner of dissipation and worldly pleasure. During these days the utmost license prevailed; all semblance of order and law disappearing almost entirely. And these days of sin and riotous living constituted what was known as the carnival. Quite naturally the Church had to be opposed to such conduct. In fact, our present beautiful devotion known as the "Forty Hours' Devotion" received its greatest impetus and growth from St. Charles Borromeo, who introduced it into his Diocese of Milan to counteract the evils of the carnival period. The Mardi Gras celebration held in many of our own southern cities in this country is nothing but the pre-Lenten carnival. The editor of this column was conducting a mission in a parish only a short distance from New Orleans during the Mardi Gras there last year—the first hand notices of the dreadful sinfulness of that event would never have one surprised why the Catholic Church is rightly so opposed to carnivals of this nature.

The filthy pleasures of my past life keep coming up in my dreams; I live them over and over again and actually enjoy pleasure; must these be confessed?—Pelham, N. Y.

Your question is one that you should take to your confessor. Explain the case to him fully and abide by his advice. From the way you wrote your rather lengthy question, part only of which I have quoted, it is impossible to decide in how far you are guilty.

Are all non-Catholics Protestants?—Falls City, Nebr.

By no means. To be a Protestant one must be baptized in a Protestant church or have made formal profession in that church; must be a regular attendant in that church and support the same. The majority of people in the United States belong to no church and are both non-Catholics and non-Protestants. In fact, excluding the Negroes, the latest religious statistics show that there are more Catholics in the United States than there are Protestants of all the denominations combined.

What is the difference between a Father and a Doctor of the Church?—Alamosa, Colo.

The four essential qualifications of a Father of the Church are: (a) Great learning and orthodox doctrine; (b) Holiness of life; (c) Approbation of the

Church; (d) Antiquity. A Doctor of the Church must possess the three first qualities mentioned above—antiquity alone is not required in a Doctor. The Church has never given the title of Father to anyone who lived after the eighth century. The latter honor of Doctor is given now and then to some eminent scholar or Church writer.

Some time ago I received a letter from a member of a religious community and on the back of the envelope were the letters "S. A. G." Please inform me what they mean.—Melcher, Iowa.

The letters "S. A. G." stand for St. Anthony Guide. It is a pious belief that St. Anthony will safely guide mail to its destination, if we ask his intercession in a devout manner.

Is it a sin to read another's letters; also to write an anonymous letter?—Ramsay, La.

It is a sin to read another's letter, without permission of the writer or the receiver of the letter, for it is a violation of the natural secret. Parents are permitted to read the letters of their children under age, religious superiors have the permission to read those of their subjects, and the rightly appointed officer in schools enjoys that privilege with regard to students, where such a rule is embodied in the laws of that institution. To write an anonymous letter is the base act of an arrant coward and such mail deserves no more consideration than to be thrown into the fire. It is very indiscreet to ever act on information obtained through an anonymous letter or one to which a fictitious name is appended.

Who presides over a Province and how many provinces are there in the United States?—Reno, Iowa.

A Province is presided over by an Archbishop. There are the following Provinces in the United States: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Oregon City, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Antonio, San Francisco, and Santa Fe. Added information may be obtained from the annual Catholic Directory which any priest can furnish you; also from The Catholic Year Book, published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

How many Cardinals are there? What does the word Cardinal mean? How are Cardinals divided as to Bishops and Priests?—Shawnee, Okla.

The word "Cardinal" comes from the Latin, in which language "cardo" means a hinge, and Cardinals were so designated as being the head or superior of central or episcopal churches. The number of Cardinals was fixed at seventy by a constitution of Pope Sixtus V on Dec. 3, 1586. They are divided as follows: six Cardinal-Bishops, fifty Cardinal-Priests, and fourteen Cardinal-Deacons. For further information concerning your interesting question I would recommend a careful reading of the title "Cardinal" in the third Volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Why do so many priests take exception to the modern styles of women's dress?—Longmont, Colo.

To which I answer, how could they do otherwise? By far the great majority of dresses worn by women to-day are downright immodest and positively immoral. As mentioned in this column once before, it is not the business of priests to tell women what to wear, but it is the duty of every priest to point out and take exception to sinful dress. Women would do well to weigh carefully the splendid words found in the Pastoral Letter issued by the united Bishops of our land the year after the World War came to a close: "Neither custom nor fashion can ever justify sin."

(Continued on page 137)

Notes of Interest---Benedictine

—In the ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Mary at York, England, the Rt. Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, O. S. B., Titular Abbot of York, celebrated Pontifical High Mass on May 21. The occasion was that of the annual pilgrimage in honor of St. William and more than forty English martyrs who died at York for their faith.

—Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., has designed another building in Chinese architecture for the Catholic University of Peking. The increasing number of applications necessitates the erection of the new hall, which will accommodate 400 students.

—St. Benedict's Preparatory School, Newark, N. J., which is conducted by St. Mary's Abbey, graduated 101 students on June 11.

—The laymen's retreat, which was held at Mt. Angel, Oregon, from June 14 to 16, was preached by Abbot Lambert Burton, O. S. B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington. Abbot Burton will also conduct the annual laymen's treat at Seattle in August.—The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred on Abbot Burton by his *Alma Mater*, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas.

—The Benedictine Sisters at Cullman, Ala., celebrated on June 4 the silver jubilee of their Sacred Heart Academy. Twenty-five years ago when they arrived from their mother house at Covington, Ky., they took up their residence in a little, two-room, log-cabin schoolhouse, which has now grown into a splendid institution. St. Bernard's Abbey and College, founded in 1891, is close by.

—Very Rev. Alfred Mayer, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, whose death occurred in the hospital at St. Cloud, on May 29, was born at Cayuga, Ont., on June 12, 1858. Having gone as a boy with his parents to Minnesota, he made his studies for the priesthood at St. John's Abbey, where he entered the novitiate, making his religious profession on July 11, 1879. Three years later, July 25, 1882, the holy priesthood was conferred upon him, during the following nine years. The duties of professor, novice master, and pastor occupied his time. Then in 1901 he received the canonical appointment of prior to a struggling community at Cluny near Wetaug in the lowlands of Southern Illinois, a section popularly known as "Egypt," with Cairo and Thedes in the neighborhood, and Memphis somewhat farther downstream. Because of unhealthy climatic conditions that prevailed in those parts, it was decided to seek another location. The spiritual needs of the new colony that was then forming in Saskatchewan, served as a beacon light or magnet which attracted Prior Alfred and his monks and drew them to Canada, whither the community was transferred in May, 1903. The foundation made at that time was raised to the rank of abbey in 1911, and in 1921 it became an "Abbey Nullius" with an Abbot-Ordinary who has episcopal jurisdiction over fifty townships, which cover 1800 square miles. In 1906 Prior Alfred returned to the States. After spending about thirteen years in parochial work at various

places, he received the appointment of prior at St. John's. This responsible position he held until some months before his death when failing health compelled him to withdraw from active life. Prior Alfred was a spiritual man and a lovable character. Many religious communities to whom he had given retreats will be mindful of him now that he may stand in need of their aid. R. I. P.

—The abbey of Sao Paulo in Brazil, founded in 1599, suffered a great loss in the death of its Abbot, Dom Miguel Kruse, O. S. B., S. T. D., who passed to a better life on April 1. The deceased, who was possessed of more than common executive ability, was born in Germany on June 17, 1864. Coming to North America in the early '80's, he made his courses in philosophy and theology at St. Vincent's Seminary, Latrobe, Pa. At Georgetown University the degree of Doctor of Theology was conferred upon him. Ordained by Bishop Schuhmacher of Porto Viejo, Ecuador, on April 8, 1888, he spent eight years on the arduous missions of that South American state. Forced by ill health to leave for a time, and not being able to return because of the persecution then waging against the Church in Ecuador, he went to the ancient Abbey of Olinda, Brazil, which dates back to 1592. Monks of Beuron had begun to infuse new life into the almost defunct Brazilian Congregation. In 1897 Father Kruse entered the novitiate at Olinda and on May 29, 1898, he was professed, and was then named prior. To counteract anticlericalism and other evils of the day, Prior Kruse established the *Estandarte Catolico*, which he conducted eight years at Olinda, then in Bahia, and finally in Sao Paulo, at which latter place he served as prior until his nomination as abbot on June 8, 1907. Abbot Kruse was an energetic man whose activities extended in various directions. Only recently we called attention to the silver jubilee of the abbey school (gymnasium), which he erected. Under his administration, too, a spacious abbey was built, also a splendid basilica (abbey church), which was consecrated by the now lately deceased Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., when the Holy Father sent as Papal Legate. Moreover, he established a number of free public schools; an evening school (7 to 10 p. m.) for newsboys, of whom about 400 are in attendance; also an industrial school, and an orphanage. For the children of German parents he erected the St. Adalbert School, for which he procured the Sisters of St. Catherine. This Order of Sisters he placed in charge also of the large St. Catherine Hospital and Sanitarium that was called into existence through his instrumentality. To Sao Paulo in 1911 he brought the Benedictine Nuns who are established in St. Mary's Abbey. In the revolution of 1924 it was his good fortune to befriend and save the life of many a fellow countryman of his who had been caught in the throes of the revolution and condemned to death.—A promoter of religion and education, esteemed by dignitaries in Church and State, loved and honored by men in every walk of life, and rich in merit, Abbot Kruse passed to eternity. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful temple that he had erected to the honor and glory of God. R. I. P.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE INDIANS' POVERTY

"The poverty of our Indians shames America," says the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, Director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "Much of the land upon which the Indians live is of little value except for grazing; much of the desirable land they once had has passed into the hands of white men; in some instances, the land allotted to the Indians has never been lived on by them. The Indian has lost much of his old culture and old manner of life, without fully taking over those of white civilization."

The Indian has not been trained to make the best of the poor resources that are at hand; he has been torn from his life in the wilderness, and placed in a life of idleness, with no chance to earn anything, except perhaps a hundred dollars or two by renting out his land to someone else. The land is good for nothing except grazing, and cattle he has none. He has few, if any, tools, and his home is usually made of the odds and ends found on the dump heap. "The present situation of the Indians," continues Dr. Ryan, "constitutes a grave reproach to the Government of the United States. Congress ought to face frankly the question whether it intends to maintain the Indians in idleness or to make them self-supporting."

That is exactly what our Catholic missionaries are trying to do single-handed—make the Indian self-supporting by teaching him all necessary studies, arts, and industries. What the United States Government is neglecting to do, our Catholic missionaries, priests and nuns, are trying to accomplish through Christ's charity. Why keep these poor people on unprofitable lands, unable to do anything for themselves, when they might learn various trades and industries, move to the cities, and earn a decent living like other people? No one seems to know why these things drag on, but our missionaries do not wait for a government to awaken to its duty, but, swiftly answering the cry of distress in the wilderness, hasten to alleviate conditions by every means in their power. They are sent out to begin a mission in some bare, wild spot, where perhaps the foot of civilized man has never passed before. With but little in his pocketbook, and a few planks which are thrown up into a shack or shelter, the missionary begins work, starting out at once to hunt up souls who need God. He comes to a family in a tent or a rude hut, asks them if they know anything about the Creator, and if they know nothing of Him, he sits down and begins to teach them. He begins entrance by kindness and tact, and if they seem to be in need, he tries to help them out with a little material gift of groceries, medicine, or money. Having gained their good will, and received their invitation to call again, he departs and goes to the next hut. And so on and on, he goes about his lowly but lofty labor, thinking no hardship too great, no sacrifice too exacting, where souls need him. Often he comes across sickness, want and misery, and the poor, suffering beings are glad to learn of the good God Who is waiting to receive them

with open arms into His beautiful Heaven if they obey Him and are good, because life holds nothing for them but pain and sorrow.

Souls are willing, and the harvest immense, but ah, alas, the reapers are so few! Would that God would inspire many who read these lines, to come out to pick this ripe wheat and bind it into sheaves! How many souls there are out in the States who have no one depending upon them, who are free to go if they wish, yet who hold back, afraid to make the sacrifice for God. Yet, life is but a sojourn, a short pilgrimage, during which we have the chance to do ill or well for ourselves. How foolish to choose the things that pass away, when God promises the hundredfold to those who devote their lives to Him!

POWERFUL PRAYERS

The children of the prairie are very close to God, and whenever a holy work of charity is going on, God is almost visibly present—in fact, the missionaries have often felt this paternal care of God over them, for oftentimes, when money is scarce and big bills loom up, when new things are needed, and the last things are not yet paid for, the missionary sends the little Indian children to the chapel to pray for help. He has such faith in these powerful prayers because he knows how dear these little ones are to the Heart of God, and he has had experience in their efficacy. He is never disappointed; he opens the next mail, and there is his answer, or several answers—something wherewith to pay those awful bills, so that the dealers will give further credit. The missionary could tell many a story of the wondrous power of these prayers of the Indian children.

That ought to be a hint to us; we all have wishes and desires which we would like to see fulfilled. Why not have the Indian children pray for them, promising a certain amount of money to the mission if the favor is obtained? One of these missionaries, Father Sylvester, of St. Paul's Mission, Marty, publishes an interesting little monthly mission paper, called "The Bronzed Angel," and in it he prints the letters of thanksgiving he receives from friends who have obtained favors through the prayers of the Indian children. It is truly marvelous to see how good God is to those who take compassion on His little ones. "Whatever you have done to these My little ones, you have done to Me." Imagine, then: Our Lord takes it as a personal favor to Himself when we do something for His children of the missions.

ANOTHER CLUB STARTED

From Chicago comes a letter from "The Wampum Club":

"Dear Clare Hampton:

We have seen your appeal in the Grail for our young people to form Mission Clubs, for the purpose of helping along our brave missionaries out West and Northwest, and we thought it a capital idea. At first, we were five, then each member was requested to bring in a friend, and each friend brought in a friend; that made it fifteen. The last five each brought in a friend, and the next five, until we were twenty-five. We have decided to make of this club a living rosary as well as sending material help. Each five members will take one mystery, and pray a decade a day for the success of the missions, and this mystery will be changed for each group every month. Besides that, we have voted to pay ten cents a month dues, which will make \$2.50 a month. At each meeting we are supposed to bring

cast-off clothing and shoes, gathered from our homes or friends, and this will be packed, and the dues used to defray expenses of shipping. We intend giving some social affairs too, and our pastor has offered us the use of the Parish Guild Rooms for our meetings. In return, we have asked him to be our director, which he has consented to do. The money obtained from social affairs will be used to purchase necessary articles for the missions. We hope to have some very enjoyable meetings."

That is certainly a well-organized club; I suppose, too, they called it The Wampum Club because wampum means money in the Indian language, and they are going to earn money for the missions. How very appropriate! More power to these young people! We hope many more will follow their example and write us, so we can publish their letters, thus infusing their enthusiasm in others. For good example is more powerful than a sermon. Let us have some more good letters!

OUR CHURCH IS "CATHOLIC"

A New York judge and prominent Catholic layman recently made a speech at a Knights of Columbus meeting, in which he protested against the "provincialism" of our individual parishes. He said that most parishes are so absorbed in their own problems that they never get over their intense application to merely provincial difficulties. They forget that the Catholic Church is universal, that our Lord said, "Go forth and teach all nations." Every Catholic, while thanking God that he possesses the true Faith himself, ought to have very much at heart the millions who as yet have not that Faith. Instead, if a collection is on for the missions, many people say, "Oh, I will rather give it to our church; we have a big debt ourselves." What of the poor, starving, uneducated Indians, who have no church at all? For it will take a long time to reach them all, even though our missionaries are working overtime to cover all the territory possible.

One pastor said he had promised his people that if they gave a stipulated amount in the basket every Sunday, he would never ask them for anything else, not bother them with tickets, or make any other collection, therefore he would not permit a display of Indian handwork down in the parish hall for the benefit of the missions.

Says *The Register*, one of our modern Catholic papers: "In some sections of the country, where there are many Catholics, no influence is sent out to make itself felt over the rest of the nation. The people act more like sectarians than Catholics. We need intense parish pride; we need intense diocesan pride; but we need to remember, too, that the Church is universal." And no truer word was ever said. No great progress in the missions will be made until all of our Catholics become interested—until every parish has its Mission Society or Club or Band, a Mission Sewing Circle for the ladies, or a young people's Mission Club, where boys and girls may meet and enjoy themselves, and take an active hand in Mission Charity.

SILVER FOIL AND ROSARIES

This month our kind friends have outdone themselves in sending silver foil, rosaries, and other useful articles for the missions. The following sent tin and silver foil: Mrs. Stella Clark, Olive View, Cal.; Miss D. Bornman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Francis Kerrigan, Brooklyn, N. Y. (sixth package); Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Mass.; Donor, 935 Beech Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss M. Wehner, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Anderson, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. W. L. Grasmann, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Champaigne, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. K. Engels, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Mullins, Union City, N. J.; M. K. Moore, Cold Spring,

N. Y.; Mrs. H. Simeon, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo., sent silver foil, rosaries, and medals; Miss Mary Kilder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., a box of picture cards; Mrs. A. Beety, Walnut Hills, O., quilt patches, clothing, lace, and thread; Mrs. Margaret Dooley, Bayonne, N. J., quilt patches and rosaries; Mrs. K. McGarry, Boorklyn, N. N., rosaries, prayer book and medals; Caecilia Widlocher, N. Braddock, Pa., prayer books, rosaries and medals; Mrs. Rose Stallboris, Hanover, Kans., rosaries, prayer books, medals, and holy pictures; C. M. Heafey, Newark, N. J., quilt patches; Mrs. K. McGarry, Brooklyn, N. Y., quilt patches; Mrs. H. W. Voss, Cincinnati, Ohio, quilt patches; Donor, Bayonne, N. J., rosary.

Many thanks, good, kind friends; come again. Send silver foil and torn rosaries to Clare Hampton, 5438 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo. Send quilt patches, perfect rosaries, prayer books, medals, clothing, etc., DIRECT TO THE MISSIONS, whose addresses you will find at the top of the Mission Page.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

Father Ambrose writes that work is again started on his Little Flower School. The Indians are hauling gravel for a laundry building now, and they expect to begin excavating in a few days. Father is hunting up supplies for the new school. He says one Grail reader has already sent the money for one bed with mattress, pillows, blankets, etc. Fifteen dollars will fully equip one bed, and anyone wanting to buy a bed for some Indian child may send this amount to Father Ambrose. Father will need all sorts of kitchen utensils for the kitchen of the school, and it occurred to us that those not being able to buy a bed, might send Father a "kitchen shower." The Sisters will need pots, pans, rolling pin, flour sifter, spoons, knives, forks, skimmer, dipper, etc. The dime store is full of nice enamelled utensils, and if each person would send three or four pieces, Father would soon have all he needs. But mind, the pots will have to be large, for such a big family.

English Farmer: "Have all the cows been milked?"

Boy: "Yep—all but the American one."

E. F.: "Which one is the American?"

Boy: "The one that's gone dry."

A small boy entered the store of a small shopkeeper and asked for a nickel's worth of nuts.

"What kind do you want?" asked the storekeeper, who added: "You can have them mixed if you like."

"All right," replied the boy, "mix 'em up and put in one or two of those cocoanuts."—Ex.



"Wanyanka wo! Wanna owayawa tipi kagapi!"
"Look! They are working on the new school."



AGNES BROWN HERING

Vacation is half gone! Has the first part been worthwhile? What shall we do with the remaining days? All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. And what of Jill? The same is true of Jill. If the first half of the vacation has been spent in toil, I hope Jack and Jill can play a good part of the remainder of the time before school starts. But if the first six weeks have been all play, then Jack and Jill need to work to get in trim for the coming school year, which, I trust, will be one of much benefit to each of them. If each reader of the CORNER could attend a Catholic school, what a splendid thing this would be, but since many are deprived of such a privilege, it is necessary to keep in touch with Catholic newspapers, Catholic magazines, and Catholic books, to read Bible history and often review the lessons in the catechism.

Let us hear from each of you as to some of the worthwhile things you have been doing this summer.

BIBLE VERSES FOR JULY

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.

So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

The path of the just as a perfect light goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Of all things thou shalt give me, I will offer tithes to thee.

Be not quickly angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of a fool.

Cast thy bread upon the running waters for after a long time thou shalt find it again.

Humiliation followeth the proud, and glory shall uphold the humble of spirit.

Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh shall find him ready.

Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good.

Watch ye therefore because ye know not at what hour your Lord will come.

THE NEIGHBORS

If you live in the country and have a rural telephone, you will appreciate this poem. If you have occasion to give a reading at an entertainment in the country, you will find that this will take well.

When someone on our party line, rings two short rings, (The call that's mine,)

What causes all the clicks I hear when the receiver meets my ear?—The neighbors.

Who knows exactly what I owe on my new six tube radio?—The neighbors.

When I come home from lodge at night who watches for my flivver's light?—The neighbors.

Who knows dead certain where I've been, and what

new prank I'm mixed up in?—The neighbors. Who sticks their nose in my affairs when they should be attending theirs?—The neighbors. But folks, when down life's party line, Old Trouble sounds the call that's mine, Who's first to say, "Buck up, Old Man, we're here to help you all we can"?—The neighbors! Who stands close when there's grief to bear—whose kindly hands seem everywhere?—The neighbors. Who knows each weakness I possess, my ugly moods and cussedness,— And knowing, meets the worst in me with long enduring charity?—The neighbors. Who, after all's been said and done, are the best folks beneath God's sun?—The neighbors!



A KERRY BLUE PADDY

Barking: "Hearty Greetings from Ireland!"

PRESSING THOUGHTS

A daub of ink before your eyes
 Can make you think, and therein lies
 The power supreme of modern print;
 And still we dream not of the mint
 Of good or bad that lies concealed
 Beneath the mad, increasing yield—
 (From paper mill and printing shop)—
 Of books and bills that never stop
 So while you read, cease not to feel
 The pressing need of virtue's seal
 On books and papers of to-day,
 Which, like the tapers, light the way.
 'Tis right or wrong—the road they show;
 Minds trail along the way they go. V. D.

DO YOU MISS MASS TOO?

How many of the readers of THE CORNER have missed Mass on Sundays since school was out? On how many Sundays will they miss Mass before school opens in September? If they only understood what the Mass is—its inestimable value—they would never be missing.

Many children who attended Mass regularly every day of the school year—and perhaps were daily communicants too—where are they during the summer? Echo answers: WHERE? Now the weekday Mass is not attended and possibly even the Sunday Mass is omitted. WHERE ARE THEY?

The Sunday traffic nowadays is enormous. How many joy seekers, who go out early on Sunday morning without attending Mass, are brought back, before the day is over, crippled, perhaps for life, or crushed, or even cold in death. This is of such frequent occurrence that it needs no further comment. Almost everyone knows of one or more instances of this kind.

My dear children, if you have an all-day excursion or outing on Sunday, see to it that you attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. That is the *one thing necessary*. The Mass *must* be included in your Sunday plans. Don't let anybody talk you out of it. Never plan a Sunday trip without Mass. Supposing that a serious accident were to befall you, and by omitting the Sunday Mass you hadn't done your duty towards God, you may be sure that in your anxiety your conscience will bother you very much. When death is near, or seems near, then your sins will come before you as monsters. You never before had any idea they were so great. Perhaps you will call in vain for the priest to assist you, to hear your confession and give you the last sacraments. He may not be able to reach you in time. This has happened to many another—why not to you? Don't think for a moment that this cannot happen to you. Others who have had the same thought have fallen asleep in time (never to be awakened again on earth) and woke up in eternity before the judgment seat of God. To offend God grievously—by mortal sin—is no small matter.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

Writing in the *St. Anthony Messenger* for January 1929, Florence Gilmore says that the well-known children's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," is not of Protestant origin, as many Catholics believe. It was widely used as early as the sixth century—a thousand years before Luther's day. Legend has it that St. Patrick himself taught it to the children of Ireland. It is usually an abbreviated form that we are accustomed to hear. The oldest version, Miss Gilmore says, runs in this wise:

Or ere I go this night to sleep,
 I give my Lord my soul to keep;
 Four angels round about my head—
 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,

God bless the bed that I rest on;
 And if I die, ere I awake,
 I give my Lord my soul to take. Amen.

THE BAG OF THE WINDS

Another story handed down to us from the Greeks is that of Aeolus and the bag of the winds.

Somewhere in the world, no one knows the exact location, there was an island ruled over by a king named Aeolus. This island was very beautiful, and it was different from any other island, for it was the home of the winds.

The winds were very wild and unruly and hard to manage. Aeolus was appointed king of the island and ordered to keep the winds under control. He was very competent to do this, and the winds obeyed him perfectly.

One day there came to this island a traveler named Ulysses.

He came in a great ship that had both oars and sails which sped along beautifully with the aid of the winds, but it had to be propelled by oars when the winds were contrary.

King Aeolus treated Ulysses and his sailors with great kindness and entertained them for many days upon the island. He professed great friendship for Ulysses and upon his departure offered him a gift. He thought the best gift he could give Ulysses would be a favorable wind to blow him to his own country, which he was eager to see. Having tied all the bad and hurtful winds in a leather bag with a silver string, Aeolus gave it to Ulysses.

For nine days the ship sped before the favorable wind which Ulysses had caused to blow. He had stood at the helm all this time without sleep but at last he became quite exhausted and went to rest.

No sooner had Ulysses fallen asleep than the sailors began to wonder what was in the leather bag. "Why has he not opened it?" said one to another. "It must contain something wonderful or he would have shown it to us," suggested one. The more they talked about the bag, and the more they looked at it, the more they wanted to know what it contained. Finally one said, "Let us open it. We can tie it again before Ulysses awakens."

They cut the silver string, and the winds rushed forth in every direction.

When the sailors saw what had happened, they were very much frightened. Ulysses was angry, very angry, but he could do nothing. The winds could not be put back in the bag by anyone save Aeolus.

Finally the winds blew the ship back to the island, and when Aeolus learned what the sailors had done, he, too, was very angry and refused to help them. Having no favorable winds to help them, they had to propel the ship with oars.

Sometimes if you listen carefully, you can hear the angry winds blowing first from the North and then from the South just as they did when the sailors cut the silver string and released them from the leather bag.

The lesson to be learned from this story is that each should learn to mortify or check his curiosity. Much evil has been done by curiosity. Think only of what it did to Adam and Eve.

"And what are you going to be when you're a big girl, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a stenographer so I can eat dinner at a soda fountain."—Ex.

Tommie—"Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat pie with a fork?"

Grandma—"Yes, indeed."

Tommie—"You haven't got a piece of pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, Grandma?"—Ex.

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(Continued from page 131)

What is a monk? What is a choir religious? Do Benedictine lay-brothers chant the Divine Office?—New Brighton, Pa.

A monk is a member of a monastic order. A choir religious is one who recites the Divine Office in common with the other members of his religious community. No, the Benedictine lay brothers do not chant the Divine Office. For further information concerning these topics I would advise you to write to St. Vincent Arch-Abbey, Beatty, P. O., Westmoreland Co., of your own State of Pennsylvania.

Our Frontispiece

Besides His Apostles and Disciples, whom He sent forth to preach and heal in His name, Jesus Christ has also from time to time raised up men into whom He infused His spirit and whom He destined for some special work in His Church. Such are the founders of the various religious orders. Foremost in the ranks of these God-sent men stands St. Benedict, "whose life and rule," as Dr. J. J. Walsh writes, "probably brought more happiness to a greater number of individuals than of any other mere man who has ever lived." Melchior Paul von Deschanden here represents him with the staff of authority and his holy rule. He is a wise lawgiver and a loving father of a model family of devoted sons. A single glance into the volume in his left hand will tell us that. In the introduction to this rule of life, the model of discretion and moderation, we have from his own lips: "Hearken, O son, to the precepts of thy master, and bend to him the ear of thy heart; receive also with pleasure and faithfully comply with the admonitions of a *loving father*, that by pursuing the toilsome path of obedience, thou mayest return to Him, from Whom thou hast departed, by following the broad and easy way of disobedience." And again: "We shall, therefore, proceed to establish a *school* where souls may be formed to the service of God; in doing so we hope we shall ordain *nothing too rigid*; but should we be somewhat severe in some particulars (which is but reasonable) in order to the reformation of vice, and the maintenance of charity, be not so frightened thereat as to fly straightway from the path of salvation." Countless souls have found this rule, which may be had in vest pocket editions, a safe guide to the happy goal of their earthly pilgrimage.—P. K.

Abbey and Seminary

—After weeks of frequent rains good weather came just in time for the wheat harvest, which began in earnest on June 17. The stand is fine; the thresher will determine the yield.

—Having been prior of the Abbey for twenty years, Father Lucas Gruwe, who passed the eightieth milestone of life in February of this year, has been relieved of the burden, which now rests on younger shoulders. Father Columban Thuis, known to our readers as the contributor of the notes under the caption, "From the Field of Science," was, on June 21, appointed Prior of St. Meinrad Abbey.

—Word has been received that Fr. Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B., who is pursuing his studies at the Benedictine College in Rome, will be ordained to the priesthood on July 2nd. As this is the fourteenth centenary of the founding of Monte Cassino, the class will go thither to receive holy orders, which will be conferred by the Abbot-Ordinary of Monte Cassino. Father Gabriel will offer up his First Holy Mass on the first Sunday of July in the abbey church at Einsiedeln, Switzerland.

—Father Roman Roeper, O. S. B., assistant pastor at Jasper for seventeen years, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on May 28. A substantial purse from various societies of the parish was one of the tokens of esteem given on the happy occasion.

—During the second week in June Father Ignatius conducted the annual retreat for the monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. The week following found him performing a like office for the community at Conception, Mo.

—The second retreat for the year opened on the evening of June 16 under direction of Father Leo, O. F. M., of Chicago, who had just closed a retreat for the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand.

—Some of the Rev. professors of Seminary and College are substituting for pastors who are taking vacations. Some nine or ten have gone to Notre Dame University to add to their stock of learning. Father Stephen, who accompanied them, will give instruction in Gregorian Chant at the U.

—Corpus Christi fell on Decoration Day. The beautiful procession with the Blessed Sacrament in the great out-of-doors was an inspiring sight to the many visitors who came from neighboring cities.

—Bro. Ferdinand, who has been in rather poor health for years past, recently had the pleasure of a visit from his sister, Mrs. Louise Rhein, of Pittsburgh, whom he had not seen since he left his home in Alsace nearly fifty years ago. Mrs. Rhein, who is a widow, was accompanied by her son Anthony.

—Rev. Frederick Huesmann, V. F., class of '98, who is pastor at Templeton, Iowa, and dean of the district, has been named domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor. Congratulations!

—Rev. Matthew P. McSorley, Seminary '88-89, chaplain at the Deaf-Mute Institute, Chinchuba, La., is among the recently deceased. R. I. P.

—Another alumnus who passed away since our last issue is Rev. Francis Walczak, College '04-'08, who was ordained from the Polish Seminary at Detroit on June 1, 1912. Father Walczak died on the seventeenth anniversary of his ordination. He was assistant at St. Mary Czestochowa Church, Cicero, Ill., on the outskirts of Chicago. R. I. P.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. John J. Tannrath, class of '88, pastor of the Cathedral at St. Louis, and Chancellor of the Archdiocese, was a prominent alumnus who has just passed to his eternal reward!—Still another was the sudden death of Rev. Louis T. Tieman, '87-'88, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Cincinnati. Both died on June 16. R. I. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XII—TED

WHEN Lucilla had gone, and the smoke of her train had quite disappeared in the clear atmosphere, Ted, seated on an old stump, at last took his eyes off the horizon, and gloomily refilled his pipe. All that he cared about in the world had gone off in that train, and everything else had suddenly lost interest for him. A hundred times we wished he had gone with her; why poke around here in this slow, backwoods place? Had he not boasted but a week or two before, that he could remain here alone a month and never grow tired? He could hardly believe it. Everything—the fresh mountain air he had so doted on, the bird songs, the wild sweetness of path and wood and torrent, the fascination of hunting and fishing—all had suddenly gone flat. He realized that the real fascination of the vacation had been in the fact of his having Lucilla all to himself.

Then he started back on a train of retrospection. Why had he laughed at her? Why had he not rather sent for a new typewriter and kept her there? That would have been far preferable to a quarrel and this hateful loneliness. Should he pack his things and follow her? But wherefore, came another thought; he would return only to find her immured day and night in her studio, with scarcely a grudging hour to devote to him. He told himself a little bitterly that he was merely a slave—a slave to his own love, spreading roses and silken carpets beneath the feet of one who seemed to care ever less about him. He had a guilty sense that these thoughts were unworthy of him, but growing bitterness overpowered that, and with the persistence of one who bites constantly on a sore tooth, he examined her words and behavior to him the day before. One little extenuating word or incident would have had the power to efface the whole affair from his mind—he wanted to believe she loved him. But doubt had begun to enter into his mind, and so, back and forth he wrestled with the grim demon, one moment believing that she no longer cared for him, and the next, averring that he must be mad to imagine such a thing.

But in what way did she ever show her love, he asked himself. What if he did follow her home? Would there be any change in the old routine? No. He knew

there would not. He would fall again into his rôle of self-effacing husband, denying her nothing, hastening to satisfy her every whim, hoping always for some crumb of love or appreciation, and receiving—nothing in return. Suddenly he leaped up and laughed at himself. What was this? A mutiny? Walking with long strides toward the Lodge, he was surprised at himself for indulging thus openly in disloyal thoughts. But even as he walked, thoughts persisted in leaping up again and again, and he could not seem to banish them. Why had she taken a studio away from him? Could she not have worked as well in her own room, or, if that was not secluded enough, fitted up one of the third-floor rooms as a study?

As he approached the Lodge, he noticed that the door was ajar, although he remembered distinctly locking it when he left with Lucilla. Entering the reception hall, he heard a noise upstairs, and went up to investigate. He searched all the rooms, but found nothing until he reached the room that had been his wife's. The door was wide open, and a queer sight met his eyes. All, the drawers and cupboards hung open, and a ragged figure was just backing out from under the bed. It was the hermit of the mountain. Ted was indignant; he was becoming rather too familiar.

"What do you want here?" he asked. The fellow was startled and got hastily to his feet, backing away, and brushing his hands sheepishly together. "I said, what do you want here?" repeated Ted.

"I look for machine," he replied in his cracked, eyrie voice.

"Machine! I haven't any machine."

"Oh yes; I hunt machine; machine spoil your wife; I smash 'em for you."

"Yes, you've already smashed one, I know. What did you do it for?"

"Machine take away love—spoil your wife—I smash 'em!"

"How do you know that?"

"Me—I know. Wife, she no good to you when machine around. So I smash 'em. Then wife love you again. I hunt more machine. You got 'em?"

"No; what do you think this is, a warehouse? There aren't any more machines here, so get out! Get out, I said!" How did the fellow know about his affairs? Ted was astonished; yet he had heard before of an uncanny sixth sense sometimes possessed by the insane.

The fellow began to smile, but showed no signs of going yet.

"You get plenty love now?" he asked.

"No!" roared Ted angrily. "And it's all your fault too. You smashed the machine and now she got mad and went home!" The hermit's face became blank with surprise.

"Then why you not go with her?" he asked. But Ted disgustedly looked away. Thereupon the fellow seemed to fall into a brown study, shaking his head, pulling his long beard, and evidently thinking hard with the remnant of brain that was left to him. Then of a sudden he brightened and put up his finger.

"I show you fine place catch fish; big fellows. More better woman gone. Come!" But Ted shook his head. He could not shake off his moods that easily; he wanted to stay at home and brood.

"Not to-day; some other time."

"You come to-morrow then; I show you big, fat fellows this long. You have good sport. You come?"

"Yes, yes; to-morrow maybe," replied Ted, eager to be rid of the man. The hermit reluctantly departed, while Ted seated himself on Lucilla's bed, buried his face in his hands, and plunged into an ocean of gloom. But the slamming of the door downstairs reminded him that he must lock it and bar it from the inside, lest his unwelcome visitor return. How had he entered? A search revealed an open ground-floor window, so Ted went around locking them all. He had no wish to become too familiar with the fellow. Meanwhile, the latter's words had somehow taken hold in his mind—"more better woman gone; you have good sport." An idea sprouted out of it. Why not wire Jack Brent to come up and bear him company for a couple of weeks? Capital! He would do it! So he walked down to the tiny depot to send a telegram.

"There; that will do," he said to himself as he handed the filled-in blank to the operator, and then started back slowly by a roundabout way. "That fellow's not as foolish as he looks," he commented to himself regarding the hermit, and puffing on his pipe. "Whatever it was that shattered his mind, he has a streak of shrewdness in him. I am a fool to brood! She won't brood. She has her own interests and doesn't need me. What she should have had was a convenient old dotard of a millionaire who would obligingly kick off and leave her rich and free to follow her own modern-woman ideas. I know what I'll do—I'll just bury myself up to the eyes in hunting and fishing—man's sport, and forget everything else. I guess I'll manage by myself somehow. Might as well get used to it."

And so, bitter and cynical, he reached the Lodge, got his gun, and went off to bag something for his evening meal. He walked in the wood for perhaps fifteen minutes before he saw anything. Then he surprised a couple of fat birds on a little moss-covered knoll, but alas, before he could raise his gun, they had disappeared into the brush. He went on for perhaps five minutes more, when he heard their call again, this time very close at hand. One of them was calmly picking and scratching not five yards away.

He raised his gun, sighted it, and was about to fire, when unfortunately, a twig cracked beneath his foot, and sent the hens on a little startled run, several feet further. The bushes partly hid them, so, to gain a better view, he walked on a few steps, his gun still raised in position, his eye on the birds. He did not notice a wild grapevine that was strung across his path, and tripped over it; in falling, his gun was hit by a protruding branch, causing it to double under him. It was discharged, the shot tearing the calf of his leg.

He tried to rise, but his face suddenly blanched, and sweat broke out on his forehead; nausea gradually overpowered him, and a gruff voice answered near-by. "Help! Help!" he shouted, and his voice was answered by echoes on all sides. Then all was silence. Again he called out and waited, and this time, after the echoes had died out, a gruff voice answered near-by.

"Help, over this way!" cried Ted, and then there was a crashing sound in the brush, and in another moment, a frowsy, unkempt head was thrust out from behind a bush.

"Ho!" said the hermit, for it was he. "What you do?"

"Shot myself in the leg," replied Ted, holding his wound and making a wry face. The hermit only grunted, and approaching, lifted Ted in his arms like a child, for he was of a powerful build. The fellow carried him to his cave and laid him down on a rude bed made of pine boughs covered with a blanket. Having washed the wound with some crystal-clear water from the near-by torrent, he bound it up with Ted's linen handkerchief, and then bade him lie quietly until he returned. While he was gone, Ted had time to notice the furnishings of the place. At one end, a large boulder which evidently served as a table, held a coffee pot and some non-descript dishes. A wooden grocery box beside it served as a chair. At the other end, a rude curtain of sacking was drawn across what seemed a natural grotto or indentation in the rock, and through the loosely-woven sacking, a light was seen to flicker. At first, however, the wound smarted too much for Ted to care what was behind the curtain, but after awhile, the cool, wet handkerchief began to settle the pain a bit, and he rolled over slowly, and lifted the sacking aside.

He beheld a large packing case, on the top of which reposed a number of articles—a pile of envelopes, yellow with age and tied with black ribbon, a glove, a handkerchief, a lock of hair, a signet ring, and, toward the back, the framed picture of a sweet-faced girl. The light came from a plain china bowl in which a crude hempen wick burned in some sort of oil.

"I thought so," muttered Ted to himself. "A vigil light to the memory of some girl who jilted him, without a doubt." And he laughed cynically, turned slowly, and winced with sudden pain, just as the hermit returned with a bunch of fresh herbs in his hand.

He stopped for a moment, looking suspiciously from Ted to the curtain, as though divining what the latter had done, then kindled a fire on the rude hearth, heated some water, and steeped the herbs therein. After awhile, grunting every now and then, he took the herbs, mashed them to a pulp, and made a hot poultice of them, using Ted's handkerchief as a container, and applying it hot on the wound. At first Ted writhed with the pain of it, but gradually, the throbbing subsided and he felt a little easier, and he watched the hermit preparing a frugal supper for them both.

Once during the night, Ted awakened, and hearing a whispering sound, turned to see the hermit kneeling before his improvised altar with rosary beads slipping through his fingers.

(To be continued)

Whose Fault Is It?

The other day there was an inquest in one of our big cities, over the body of a boy killed in an automobile accident. The circumstances surrounding his death are such as we often hear and read of—a party of boys and girls of school age riding the highways at night, visiting roadhouses, becoming intoxicated, reckless driving, and—the inevitable accident. Inquiries revealed that school was attended but irregularly—one of the girls having been absent 55 days in the year. Because of this truancy, the school authorities have taken it up, and a group of eminent persons have been called together to decide what might be done to prevent our modern youth from racing headlong on the downward path.

Questions were asked of the various persons called together as to what their opinion was of the delinquency of modern youth and its cause. One thought community work and providing plenty of enjoyment of a decent kind for the young people would remedy matters; another thought the lack of religion was the cause; a third thought truant officers should be more vigilant and thus seek out delinquent cases; a fourth gave as her opinion that stricter prohibition enforcement with earlier closing hours for roadhouses and cafés would help; a fifth believed that women on jury cases could deal better than men with delinquent cases; the sixth averred that moving pictures and the abandonment of simple home life was the cause.

But no one seemed to think that looseness of parental control might be the cause of the wildness of present-day youth. This girl who stayed away 55 days from school—did her mother know about it? Was it with the mother's consent, or was she pretending to go to school and fooling her mother? In the first case, any mother who allows her boy or girl to remain away from school for any trivial reason at all, is building the groundwork of irresponsibility in her child. In the second, any mother who is so foolish as to allow herself to be tricked by a daughter or son, swallowing whole any and every explanation without investigation, is to be pitied.

A mother—and a father too, for that matter—should know where her daughter and son are every

moment of the day; she should demand explanations for everything, and if something does not sound just right, she should investigate and satisfy herself that the child is telling the truth. For the young, new, shining soul of a boy or a girl just stepping out on the threshold of the world should be such a precious thing to each and every mother, that she should be willing to go through fire and water and give her heart's blood to preserve their purity and goodness. And any mother who would not be willing to do such a thing, is not a very good mother. She has failed in her God-given duty, and she has a heavy account to answer for.

But this training must be given from earliest years; if children are not "given their head" in everything, they will soon learn that there is an authority at home that must be obeyed. Mother should speak to them; she should define to them what is nice and not nice; show them what a good child should and should not do, and inspire them with such a love of being respectable and decent and above reproach that, when they grow up, they will not even be slightly tempted to be otherwise.

Much of the present-day delinquency of our youth might also be attributed to pleasure-loving mothers, who are out all day, leaving their children the key and some money, and returning just in time for a "quick fry" supper. How do such mothers know what their children are doing while they are gone, what companions they are cultivating, what mischief they are learning? Mothers and fathers need not be stern and overbearing; they may be reasonable and kind and show their children that it is their great love that demands the explanation of every absence, every delay, a recounting of the time had at a party, and the insistence on the proper hour for coming home. Flaming youth is blind and reckless and counts not the consequences; will fathers and mothers, believ'g that it is old-fashioned to be strict, permit their children to go down unchecked to destruction?

About Ice

In ancient times, emperors cooled their beverages with snow brought down from the mountains. It must have been a laborious thing for the poor slaves of that day to have to go on foot to the distant mountains, carrying containers for the snow, having to climb up and down the steep sides, and returning with their burden, hastening in the hot summer sunshine, so that it might not melt before they reached home. Alexander the Great had great trenches dug for storing snow, in which hundreds of kegs of wine were cooled for his soldiers. Lord Bacon experimented with snow, and met misfortune by one day alighting from a carriage to stuff snow inside of a chicken to see how long it (the chicken) would keep, and thus catching his death of cold.

Then men conceived the idea of storing ice made by Nature in the rivers and lakes for use in the summer. The first delivery of ice to an American home was made in 1802, and by and by people began to depend upon this comfort. An ice-making machine was invented in

1858, but no one thought or cared much about it as long as there was plenty of lake and river ice to be had for storage. But in 1890, a warm winter all over the United States caused such a shortage of Nature-made ice, that the ice-making machine was suddenly pushed into prominence in order to supply the deficit, and from that time on, improvements continued steadily to be made.

Manufactured ice is made by filling large square cans with distilled water and placing these cans down into a tank filled with brine, through which pass coils of pipes filled with ammonia. The ammonia starts out as a liquid, but as it absorbs heat from the brine, turns first into a vapor, then into a gas, lowering the temperature of the brine to a point below freezing. The brine, in turn absorbs the heat from the cans of distilled water, lowering their temperature until ice forms in them; the ice thickens until it closes to the center of the can and is a solid block. If the water is perfectly quiet, air bubbles will form in the ice, thus making opaque ice. In order to form clear ice, a stream of cold water is conducted into the cans, thus keeping the water in motion and liberating the air bubbles which form the opaque ice.

Tremendous advances have been made in the refrigerating problem within the last five years or so, and if electric and gas refrigeration continues to grow in popularity and cheapness, there will soon be no need for large storage ice plants. There is also a new kind of ice, called "dry ice," invented not so very long ago, which resembles cotton, and may be packed in paper cartons, as there is no melting or leakage—just dry evaporation. It is many times colder than ordinary ice—in fact, a tiny piece placed upon the skin will cause a blister at once, and the hand, placed close above a carton of it, can bear the cold but a few moments.

How to Eat Well

"American people set bountiful tables," said a dietitian recently, "but the meals in thousands of homes are not scientifically chosen. One may leave the table with a full stomach, and yet suffer 'vitamin hunger.'" That is to say, the foods were not chosen according to their vitamin content, and no one can be healthy without vitamins. If mothers desire their families to be healthy, they must study to cook foods which are rich in these important elements.

Vitamin A is essential to normal growth, and prevents diseases of the respiratory system. Cod liver oil is the richest source of Vitamin A. You will find it also in butter, egg yolk, green vegetables, carrots and sweet potatoes.

Vitamin B is also necessary for growth and health. Lack of it causes loss of appetite, cessation of growth, and nervous disorders. For Vitamin B, use whole wheat grains and other cereals, peas, beans, lentils, root and green vegetables, fruits, nuts, milk, and cheese.

Vitamin C prevents scurvy. Orange juice is richest in this element, as also fresh fruits and green vegetables, and some canned fruits, if fresh ones are not available. Canned tomatoes are a good source of this

vitamin, and some doctors recommend drinking canned tomato juice. One little boy's health was built up wonderfully by eating canned tomato soup every day.

Vitamin D enables the body to use the minerals contained in food. An absence of this vitamin causes rickets, or softening of the bones of children, causing bow-legs, etc. Cod liver oil contains Vitamin D, as also, egg yolk, milk, and green vegetables.

Vitamin E is found in whole cereals, meats and lettuce. It is the only vitamin contained by meats, but meat contains protein, and gives energy. So it should never be excluded from the diet, unless expressly prohibited by the doctor for some reason.

Things to Know About Teeth

When baby achieves the growth of his first row of teeth, top and bottom, he should be given plenty of things to chew. Chewing, thorough mastication, is absolutely necessary for the development of baby's jaws; if his jaws do not get enough exercise on foods that must be chewed hard in order to be swallowed, they will not be developed enough to accommodate the next set of teeth that come, and the consequence is, crooked, irregular teeth. Apples and crackers, bread with the crust on it, etc., are good for the child to chew. Raw fruits especially, are very good, since the minerals deposited while chewing, help to keep the teeth hard. A child that eats plenty of raw fruit will not suffer from decayed teeth long before he is ready for the second set.

Children who are allowed to eat any amount of candy they desire, will usually begin to lose their first teeth far before their time; result, pain, and necessary extraction. This tooth pulling, if it occurs two years or more before seven, will result disastrously for the new set of teeth. If a great many first teeth are extracted a long time before the second ones put in an appearance, the result will be a contraction of the gums, leaving insufficient room for the new teeth. Some children have softer teeth than others, and even though they eat very little candy, their teeth have a tendency to decay too far before the second are on the way. In this case, a dentist advises, if they give no pain, they should not be pulled, as their presence is necessary to keep the jaws in proper shape. A cement filling, called "Kiddy filling" is used to cover in these early cavities, and every effort should be made to retain these teeth until they begin to give notice themselves of the new member creeping up beneath. Careful brushing from babyhood will do much to keep these first teeth in good shape until it is time for them to vacate in favor of the new tenants.

The Mantelpiece

In many homes the mantelshelf has been done away with entirely, especially in many new-built houses with small rooms. The mantelpiece has been dispensed with to provide more wall space in a room where wall space is at a premium. But it would seem that this is carrying efficiency too far, as a living room without its fire-

place and mantelshelf appears cold and uninviting. Even though no real logs are burnt in the fireplace, and gas logs or incandescent coals are used, there is some unexplainable charm about the fireplace that cannot be replaced by the most wonderful furniture in the world—doubtless dating back, hereditarily speaking, to the time when there were no stoves or furnaces in homes, and the blazing fireplace was the one center of comfort for the family during the winter months.

Years ago each room had its mantelshelf, and these were extremely convenient, for everyone has vases, clocks, and bric-a-brac which fit nowhere so well as on a mantel. Especially pendulum clocks, which require a solid, immovable basis to stand on, which bookcases, cabinets, and pianos do not always possess; if they are the least bit shaky or out of line, this will affect the clock, often causing it to stop. A little later on, too, architects began putting the fancy, jig-saw cabinet mantels into living rooms, then called parlors. These mantels were usually overloaded with all the bric-a-brac, statues, photos, etc., that could be crowded onto them, with here and there a large, pretty bow of bright-colored satin ribbon on the fluted columns or spokes, whatever they were called at the time.

Now, however, we have dispensed with the over-ornate style, and we know that a safe rule to follow when the question is asked: "How many things should be on the mantel?" is, "Not much." The same is true of things on the piano or bookcase, or pictures on the wall.—"Not much" is the slogan of the day. And a further rule is, that everything on the mantel shelf must be really beautiful in form or color, delight the eye, or be of unusual interest.

"St. Benedict in Thorns"

R. F. LEON

The son of Nursia's noble lords,
In grace and name twice blessed child,
Forsook the sinfulness of Rome
To seek Subiaco's rugged wild.

He fled the City's wicked ways
And came full forty miles to find,
Afar from men, that sheltered peace
To which his youthful heart inclined.

Although, removed from all the world,
In rocky solitude he dwelt,
The cloistered depths of his pure soul
The tempter's poisoned arrows felt.

For when the fiend could not prevail
Upon his mortal eyes to sin,
His mind he sought to desecrate
By planting dangerous thoughts therein.

The holy youth was proof against
The venom of the serpent's bite,
For he desried the devil's snare
And conquered him by bloody fight.

To triumph o'er the scorpion stings
Of carnal passion, lo! in haste
Among the thorns he caused his flesh
Most sharp and bitter pains to taste.

The prickly nettles tore his sides,
As, naked, in the bush he lay,
Until the evil spirit with
His foul temptation fled away.

Thus frail nature stood reproved
And sinful passion was repressed:
By manly act and willing pain
St. Benedict had stood the test.

Household Hints

Oil of peppermint will relieve a throbbing corn.
Clean ivory ornaments with lemon juice on a cloth dipped in powdered whiting.

A can of milk should be pierced with two holes, one on each side: One to let the air in, the other to let the milk out.

A teaspoonful of vinegar in the water of poached eggs sets the white and helps to keep them a good shape.

It is best to start potatoes in cold water, as they will not then crack apart before the center is tender.

If you break a branch accidentally off your favorite rosebush, place it in a bottle of wet sand for two or three weeks, and the branch will acquire a set of roots of its own, and can then be replanted in soil, forming a new rosebush.

Grass that seeds close to the ground is best left lying without raking after cutting, as this thickens the sod.

Did you know that deep breathing exercises increase your weight and purify your blood? Often take deep breaths during the day, especially out in the open. Some ladies may object to increased weight, but this will not be flabby weight; just solid strength.

Recipes

RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE: Wash and cut up three cupfuls of rhubarb, cover with boiling water, and let stand 10 minutes, then drain. Place in a steamer and steam until tender. Sugar well a box of strawberries that have been hulled and washed, and let stand ½ hour. Then boil gently until syrup thickens, but without losing shape of berries. Mix the two fruits carefully together and place as usual on shortcake made of your favorite biscuit recipe, with the addition of 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 egg. Split, butter, place fruit between, and on top of cake, topping with whipped cream.

BONED LEG OF LAMB: Have butcher remove bones in leg of lamb; then mince fine 6 branches each of mint and parsley, ½ cup minced celery tops, 6 onions grated. Sprinkle evenly on meat after salting and peppering, roll and tie. Dust with flour and bake, with ½ inch water in pan. Baste every 15 minutes until tender.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H. "Good morning, Mrs. Rackham, good morning. We are all glad to see you back again among us. Everyone in this class is interested in little Annie, for she was a child that was in an advanced stage of consumption and with the good care that she has been given, she is again a strong, healthy little girl. I do not mean to say that she will not need attention for several years to come, but she is out of the deep path down which she was hurrying to death."

Mrs. R. "Yes, and we may thank you, doctor, for that."

Dr. H. "Not at all, Mrs. Rackham. The one to thank is Mr. Rackham. He is the one that saved little Annie."

Mr. R. "I am. I am the one that saved her. Didn't I say that I would sell the last cow about the place, and wasn't it me that sent them to Arizona in spite of themselves?"

Mrs. Carey (aside). "The old blatherskite! Didn't he kick like a steer about her going?"

Dr. H. "You did nobly, Mr. Rackham, and I hope you will continue your care of the whole family. You are a fine example in the community. Now that you have seen the benefit of care, you will be more interested than ever in welfare work in your community, and in having a county nurse. You know it was the county nurse that brought Annie to me first. It is a great help to have men like yourself pay attention to the health of their children."

Mr. R. "Indeed I'll do that. I was fighting all last night with Amos Long about their little John. The child has a hump on his back as big as my hat, and I was reading to him from the book that you told me to get from the public library, that all these hump-backed children had tuberculosis of the spine to begin with, and that if they had proper care and were put in a cast at the right time they would come out all right. I was telling him that he had himself to thank for it that his little boy was a cripple. But he was arguing back again that the child had a fall when he was a baby and that is what happened to him, and I said: 'when did he get the fall? You are just guessing at that,' and I told him he was as much to blame as if he had broken the child's back himself; and then he called me a liar."

Dr. H. Well, I think you had better not tell us any more about this; and while you were right in the main, don't you think you were a little intemperate in your language?"

Mr. R. "Well, I gave it to him straight, and he had no right. . . ."

Dr. H. "Now we will let that go. I think it better for you not to carry your missionary work up to the point of fighting. I suppose you notice, Mr. R., that your wife has improved very much for her rest. I

think it would be well for you to arrange it so that she would not have to work as hard as she has been doing. You are comfortably well off and it is time that you begin to enjoy the fruits of your hard years, for soon you will not be able to enjoy very much. You are past middle life and your shadow will be falling behind you instead of before from this on."

Our class has continued every month for over a year. We have talked about food and infectious diseases and the disinfecting of houses and clothes, and especially the care of the tubercular,—keeping them at home for the first few months under careful and healthful conditions, and then giving them a change of climate. We have also talked about cancer, and its care and cure, and now we will take up a subject that is of deep consideration "heart disease." This is a condition that is causing many deaths at the present time.

QUESTION BOX

Q. M. L., Illinois.—I have what is known as "fallen arches." What would you advise me to do for this condition?

Ans. You should consult you family physician; and if he thinks it necessary, he will send you to a specialist in that line of work.

This question is of so much importance that I will devote the remainder of my space to the subject. Fallen arches and other foot trouble has become so common that it is recognized as an important subject in medicine. Last week I was at the clinic in Rochester—the greatest in the world, and I saw there sheets of instructions made out for the patients that they might carry them away with them and study them. These instructions were not for doctors but for the patients themselves, and dealt with the regular care of the feet. To my mind this was an indication that there was an immense number suffering in this way, and these sheets were gotten out to meet the demand there was for such information. For the benefit of my class I will go over this letter with you at our next meeting.

Invitation

ANNE M. ROBINSON

"Come, take my Gift to-day,"

The Savior cries;

"High, lighted altars lift

My holy Sacrifice."

"I am thy Bread of Life,

Come, find in Me,

Amid this world of strife,

Divine Reality."

St. Anthony Grows in Favor as a Business Partner



A large percentage of the testimonials which come to Graymoor from the Clients of St. Anthony as a result of their having recourse to his intercession through the Perpetual Novena conducted by the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement relate to financial matters, such as business success, securing a position, increase of salary or selling a house. Many have adopted the custom of associating St. Anthony with them as a Business Partner, promising him for his poor, or some church or charitable object a certain percentage of their earnings.

The following testimonials will serve by way of illustration:

Mrs. J. R., East Brookfield, Mass.: "I am running a tourist's home, and around the First of July no one had stopped for two weeks. I got very discouraged, so my mother asked me why not take St. Anthony as a partner. I promised him ten per cent of every dollar I made as long as I live. That same night my rooms were filled, and I do not know how many I had to send away ever since the 19th of July."

A. T., Oswego, N. Y.: "My sister was out of a position and brother working out of town. I prayed earnestly to St. Anthony for a few months, when all at once both got positions here in the home town. I certainly feel it is thru prayer to St. Anthony especially that everything turned out fine. I urge my friends when in trouble to do the same."

Mrs. E. O'H., Illinois: "I would like to have you mention my grateful thanks to dear Saint Anthony for helping me to raise a sum of money which was greatly needed. I prayed earnestly to the Saint and he directed my steps in the right direction. I am enclosing my offering and only regret that it is not larger."

M. F. D., Indianapolis, Ind.: "I had for sometime been seeking employment without any success, so I turned to good Saint Anthony and am happy to say that I am now employed at what I believe will turn out the very best position that I have ever held."

Mrs. E. W., Pennsylvania: "Inclosed you'll find check which I promised for St. Anthony's Bread if St. Anthony would grant my petition. We wished to sell a piece of property and on the fourth day of the Novena we had a buyer. All thanks to dear St. Anthony—it was through him the sale was made."

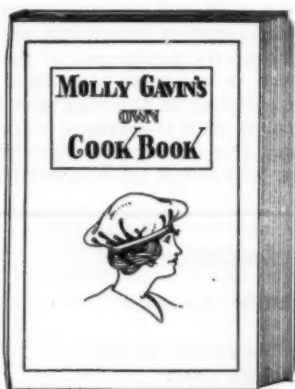
H. E. T., Oklahoma City, Okla.: "Inclosed please find check which I promised in honor of St. Anthony if he would find a position for my son. I am thankful to say that before the Novena was finished my son was settled in a very good place and I send the promised amount with great pleasure."

A new Novena to St. Anthony begins at Graymoor, every Tuesday. Address all petitions to:

ST. ANTHONY'S GRAYMOOR SHRINE, Drawer 32, Peekskill, N. Y.

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A Cookbook For Catholic Housekeepers!



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Food for the Sick	Fresh Fruits
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The Abbey Press

St. Meinrad

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Indiana

THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

PROFIT SHARING PLAN

Many persons at times think within themselves: "I wish I had become a religious." Such an unfulfilled wish can still bear fruit. All those that heeded not the higher call, or never even felt such a call, can nevertheless become affiliated with a religious order. They can share in its fruits at least. The BENEDICTINES will gladly make a compact with you. Read the terms of the compact on this same page.

TODAY THERE ARE
BENEDICTINES IN
TWENTY-NINE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES:

United States	Italy
Switzerland	France
Bavaria	Spain
Germany	Belgium
England	Austria
Scotland	Brazil
Portugal	Canada
Philippines	Africa
Australia	Chile
Luxembourg	China
Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND
PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PERFORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you *daily* say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Only one more year and this Order will celebrate its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

AIM OF BENEDICTINE LIFE

The Benedictine aim is: TOTAL OBLATION OF SELF TO GOD'S SERVICE.

This oblation begins with a vowed, life-long detachment from riches, sensual pleasures, and self-will. It grows perfect:

1. Primarily, through the "Opus Dei," the *Work of God*, by which is meant the daily solemn worship of God through the Sacred Liturgy: chiefly the Mass and the Divine Office. St. Benedict says in his holy Rule: "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

THE RETURNS

The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

WEAR A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

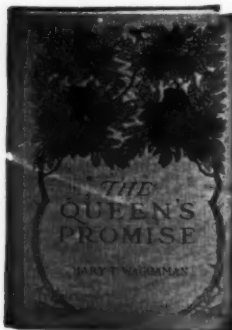
Saint Benedict's Medal is one of the oldest in existence. There is a special form of blessing for it, in the Catholic Ritual. For many centuries it has been an instrument of spiritual graces and bodily blessings for devout users. You, too, can join the vast army of Saint Benedict's clients. Become a child of his benevolence, by the faithful wearing of his medal.

HOW TO GET A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

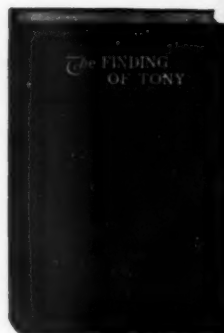
Send five cents (5¢) in coin or stamps—enough to pay the purchase price and postage—and we will procure TWO MEDALS for you, have them BLESSED IN THE GROTTA OF SAINT BENEDICT, here in St. Meinrad, and mail them to you. Send your coin or stamps, and address, to:

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.



Story-Books by Clementia and Miss Waggaman



The Selwyns in Dixie. By Clementia. This is one of the Mary Selwyn books. A complete story—288 pages—bound in cloth, with attractive jacket and frontispiece. It tells a great deal of the history of Wilhelmina Marvin, and it surely has created quite a stir. If you have not already read it, you will regret not having done so before. Price \$1.50 each, postpaid.

Bab Comes into Her Own By Clementia.

This is the latest of the Mary Selwyn books. Bab, one of the characters appearing in the other stories, plays the leading role in this book. Mary Selwyn, Wilhelmina Marvin and the other famous characters created by the brilliant "Clementia" play important parts in the story. "Bab Comes Into Her Own" is a fascinating story throughout. Price \$1.50 Postpaid.

Uncle Frank's Mary By Clementia. With frontispiece, \$1.50 net, postage 10¢ extra.

Berta and Beth. By Clementia. "*The Best Catholic Juvenile ever Published for a Dollar.*"

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 2. Authorship by the most famous of Catholic writers for girls.
 3. The right kind of a price—One Dollar.
- Read this book yourself and give every child you know a copy of it. \$1.00 postpaid.

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